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But if the annals of Port Royal are of momentous interest to the student of the human mind, they are also of singular significance in connection with the history of religion in a country where it is now commonly supposed that religion no longer exists. The episode of Port Royal shows the worst as well as the best qualities of man, and admiration for the heroism of the nuns is interrupted by hatred or contempt for that detestable monarch, whose real character the majority of people seem entirely to forget, because his badness was on so gigantic a scale—a monarch who combined the love of fine clothes, the caprice, the licentious insolence of a barbarian chief, with the hypocrisy and superstition of the most degraded monk. In studying the history of France under Louis XIV., nothing is more grateful than for a time to leave the court, which is at once the glory and the shame of the human intellect—the glory, because it was illuminated by the presence of the most brilliant genius ever concentrated in one place, the shame, because it was the scene of the most degraded prostitution of that genius—and betake ourselves to the barren and dismal valley where were the cloisters of Port Royal. Port Royal was the last chance that France had of ever acquiring any vital and persuasive religion. The overthrow of Port Royal was the extinction of the last spark of Christianity in that country,

and from that time down to the great revolution, France became the prey of the triumphant Jesuits, and, as Mr. Carlyle significantly says, "Where is she now?"

We have said enough to show, if proof were needed, how interesting an object of historic inquiry is afforded by the story of Port Royal, interesting alike to the student of French history and to the mental philosopher. In fact, it would be impossible to choose a subject which gave such room for valuable historical investigation, or one which would more amply reward the philosophic investigator. It would seem to be a theme on which an inferior book could scarcely by any accident be written. Yet the history of Port Royal before us is a most decided failure, and a failure of the most mortifying description. Mr. Beard is evidently an industrious and conscientious author. He has made diligent search after and into every book or authority which could at all bear upon Port Royal. He has given us the result in as fair and impartial a spirit as we can desire. Let us award him all praise for diligence and candour, but let us not on this account ignore his grave shortcomings, though we believe that they are of a sort which a man cannot help. In fact, any man may be a chronicler, but it is not given to any man to be a historian. The historian must have industry and research and honesty, but he must also have genius. He must be essentially an artist, and that in the highest order of art; and there is not a more distinct difference between the painter and the colour-grinder, between the sculptor and the marble-worker, than there is between the historian and the chronicler. Mr. Beard unhappily is the latter, and the pains which he has so plainly taken to fulfil his duty in this capacity, make us lament the more sincerely that he does not possess the inspiration which would elevate him to the former and loftier position. He appears to be quite devoid of the peculiar but necessary talent of weaving his material into a comely web, and has given us instead a collection of thrums and patches. He has entirely failed to place before his own mind a clear conception of what the history of Port Royal really means; and through lack of this distinct object, he has thought it incumbent upon him to throw in a huge mass of matter not uninteresting in itself, but decidedly irrelevant to the work in hand. For example, he goes at great length into the ancestry of the Arnauld family; he devotes a long chapter to the biography of Madame de Longueville, and another to a detailed account of the lives of the four bishops who interposed to protect Port Royal in the midst of its troubles. His acquaintance with *La Mère Angélique* is made the peg on which to hang a life of St. Francis de Sales, bishop of Geneva. More than seventy pages tell us in detail about each of Racine's plays, and we have even an abortive attempt at the schoolboy theme, the points of difference that exist between the French and the English drama. All this is highly interesting in itself, but surely is of very little importance in helping the reader to understand the history of Port Royal. It proves that the author's mind was in great confusion as to what he had to do; and this is still further shown in the portions of the work which really do bear upon Port Royal. The story of St. Cyran's imprisonment is most unsatisfactorily told, and we are left in as great darkness as to the cause of the imprisonment as was the saint himself. The narrative does not flow on evenly and smoothly. We are constantly being jolted into some biographical rut of which the writer cannot keep clear, and and there is probably an interval of ten or twelve

pages before we resume the uneven tenor of our way.

Some persons may argue that all this is a defect of style merely, but we maintain that it is much more. It is a defect of style, it is true; but it is one which arises from a confused and cloudy state of mind. If Mr. Beard had possessed a ripe knowledge of his subject, and had ever proposed definitely to himself what he was to say, he could not possibly have been guilty of this error, whatever others he might have fallen into. Confusion of style and arrangement arises from confusion in the mind of the writer. This mental confusion may spring either from want of industry, or, as in Mr. Beard's case, from want of historic talent.

Mr. Beard's chief merit is the tolerant and catholic spirit in which he treats the religious controversy whose history forms the staple of his volumes. The history of Port Royal is that of Jansenism, and the history of Jansenism is partially that of one of the most perplexing questions which can engage the human mind. This question between Grace and Free-Will is one on which religious thinkers have commonly very strong and intolerant opinions, and it is not often that we can secure a writer who takes so lofty a stand-point above and beyond the contending disputants as Mr. Beard. The great controversy of the fifth century between Augustine and Pelagius was fought over again in the bosom of the Catholic church in the seventeenth century, only the church had changed sides, and the heretical doctrines were those of her former champion. The *Augustinus* of Jansen was not indeed condemned as containing, but rather as misrepresenting the opinions of the African father. The enemies with whom the church had then to deal were not Pelagians, but Calvinists, and the doctrines of Jansen were thought to be deliberately Calvinistic. As we now read the narrative of the Jansenist controversy, and more especially as we observe the conduct of Port Royal in it, we are struck at the different way in which such a discussion would be carried on in our own time. Five Propositions on the subject of Grace were extracted from the *Augustinus*, and underwent the formal condemnation of the Holy See. The Port Royalists hereupon drew a distinction which has been known as that between the *droit* and the *faid*—that is, between the Papal authority in matters of belief or faith, and the same authority when bearing on matters of absolute fact. They were quite ready to bow to his infallible decision that the doctrine of the Five Propositions was heretical, but they would not admit that such doctrine was really to be found in Jansen's book. How, said the nuns, can we poor simple women undertake to say that this damnable heresy is to be found in a work which we have not read, and which we cannot read? The Solitaries, on the other hand, declared they had read the book, and that they had not found the heresy there. The Holy Father was no doubt right in condemning the doctrines, but he was wrong in saying they were those of Cornelius von Jansen. But the Holy See, or rather the Court Jesuits, would not be content with this, and the Port Royalists were equally firm in refusing to withdraw from their original proposition as to the difference between *droit* and *faid*. Rather than surrender in a matter of conscience, the nuns endured everything that could be most distressing to them, everything that powerful malice could inflict, whilst Arnauld, Nicole, and the other Solitaries, were driven into concealment and exile.

After many years of harsh persecution, of separation, of suspense and doubt more in-

* *Port Royal; a Contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France.* By Charles Beard, B.A. (London: Longmans. 1861.)

tolerable than either, the monastery of Port Royal des Champs was suppressed. We quote Mr. Beard's narrative of the expulsion of the sisters:—

"M. d'Argenson, the lieutenant of police, assembled, on the 28th of October, a company of gens'armes and archers, in number about 300, and, with twelve carriages, a litter, and several women to attend upon the nuns, set out for Port Royal. The little army passed the night in the surrounding villages; some, it is said, bivouacked in the woods, where they lighted great fires. The twenty-two sisters, the garrison whom this host had come to summon, passed the night in ignorance of the approaching danger; though afterwards they recollect that the dormitory lamps had suddenly gone out, a fact without precedent, and ominous of coming ill. About half-past seven on the morning of the 29th, as the nuns were coming out of the choir, where they had heard mass, M. d'Argenson's arrival was announced. He at once firmly, but without any show of violence, took possession of the house, asked for all the keys, and secured the deeds and other papers which lay in the archives. Then, as the bell sounded for tierce, he permitted the sisterhood once more to join together for worship in the church. The psalm of the day was the twenty-fifth, 'Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul,' which, with the 'Veni Creator,' formed the principal part of the brief service. The public worship of Port Royal could not more fitly end than with so sublime an expression of confidence in God, so earnest a prayer for the gift of the Spirit.

"The whole community, including the lay sisters, were then summoned to meet in chapter. One, Euphrasie Robert, eighty-six years of age, and long unable to walk, six of her sisters singing meanwhile the burial psalm, 'When Israel went out of Egypt'—bore on a mattress, into the chapter house. Then M. d'Argenson announced to them that he was charged with a *lettre-de-cachet* for each; that each was to be forthwith conveyed to some distant monastery; that in three hours they must depart; and that now it only remained for the Prioress to choose among the specified convents her own place of exile. The news was courteously told, and quietly heard; the Prioress answered for all, that half an hour, to say good-bye, and to take a Bible, a breviary, and the rule of the house, was all they needed. The little bundles of clothes were soon ready, the carriages were ordered into the court-yard, and, early in the afternoon, the nuns prepared to leave for ever a home which to all of them was inexpressibly venerable and dear. Of the twenty-two, none were less than fifty, three were above eighty years of age; yet no two were to be suffered to remain together, lest each should encourage the other in obstinate heresy. Their destinations were various and wide apart: Rouen, Autun, Chartres, Amiens, Compiegne, Meaux, Nantes, Nevers; while five lay sisters, for whom a reception in distant convents had not yet been prepared, were to be sent temporarily to St. Denys. Then, two and two, they sadly and slowly moved away. The youngest lay sister—she who was supposed to hold the place of Charlotte de Roannez—had been a professed inmate of the house for nearly twenty-five years; the oldest had passed no fewer than sixty-three within its walls; and all had hoped to die, as they had lived, in peace together. Now, after brief good-bye, a firm word of benediction from the Prioress, and a moment's prayer before the accustomed altar, they parted to meet no more."

In all these atrocious proceedings the king, Le Grand Monarque, was the tool, first of La Chaise, then of the more hateful Le Tellier; and how sincere an interest he took in religion, how lofty the motives which prompted him to the persecution, may be inferred from an anecdote quoted by Mr. Beard from the memoirs of St. Simon:—

"A year or two afterwards, the Duke of Orleans, who was about to take the command of an army in Spain, proposed to the King that M. de Fontperte should accompany him as a member of his staff. 'How, my nephew,' answered the King with emotion; 'the son of that mad woman, who ran after

Arnauld everywhere? A Jansenist! I won't have any such person with you.' 'Ma foi, sire,' answered M. d'Orleans, 'I don't know what the mother did; but for the son to be called a Jansenist! he does not even believe that there is a God!' 'Is it possible?' replied the King; 'and do you assure me of that? In that case there is no harm, you may take him.'

The noble self-sacrifice of the nuns and Solitaires of Port Royal, the heroism of La Mere Angélique and her brother Antoine Arnauld, the lofty purity of Pascal, are refreshing after the degradation of this high and puissant monarch. From the time when St. Cyran, the friend of Jansen, and, in fact, the father of the Port Royalists, was thrown into the dungeons of Vincennes by the arbitrary power of Cardinal Richelieu, down to the day when D'Argenson drove away the nuns from their ancient home, the whole struggle was one between bigotry and malevolence on the one hand, and unflinching conscience on the other. The result unhappily was one which does least credit to human nature, though so much of exalted heroism appears during its progress. We know no more splendid compositions than the letters of these holy sisters in the time of their sorrow and distress. We venture to quote from one written by Jacqueline, sister of the famous Pascal. It has a grand and organ-like tone about it, almost Pauline:—

"We understand very well that, in asking our signature, they demand of us no more than respect; silence, that is, as to the fact, and belief in all that is matter of faith. But most of us wished with all our hearts that the mandement had been worse than it is, because then at least we might have rejected it with entire freedom, instead of which, many will be, as it were, constrained to receive it, while a false prudence and a real cowardice will cause many more to welcome it, as a favourable means of ensuring safety to both their persons and their consciences. As for me, I am persuaded that they will attain neither of these ends in this way; only the truth truly sets free; and doubtless it liberates those alone who themselves set it free, by confessing it with such fidelity as to deserve to be themselves confessed and recognised the true children of God.

"I cannot hide the grief which wounds me to the very bottom of my heart, when I see the only persons to whom it seemed that God had entrusted His truth, so faithless, if I may venture to say so, as not to dare to encounter suffering, even if death were the penalty of a noble confession. I know the respect which is due to the highest powers in the Church; I would die to preserve it inviolate, with as good courage as I am ready to die, with God's help, for the confession of my faith, in this present strait; but I see nothing more easy than to unite the two. What prevents every ecclesiastic who knows the truth from answering, when the Formulary is laid before him for signature, 'I know the respect which I owe to the bishops, but my conscience does not permit me to testify by my signature that this thing is in a book, when I have not seen it?' And then let him wait patiently for whatever may happen. What do we fear? Banishment for the seculars, dispersion for the nuns, the seizure of our goods, imprisonment, and, if you will, death? But are not these things our glory, and ought they not to be our joy? Let us either renounce the Gospel, or follow the maxims of the Gospel, and esteem ourselves happy to suffer somewhat for justice sake!"

"I know well that men say that it is not for women to defend the truth; although they might say that, since by a sad accident and confusion of the times in which we live, bishops have no more than women's courage, women ought to have the courage of bishops. But if it is not our part to defend the truth, it is ours at least to die for it."

"Let us pray God, my dear sister, to humiliate and to strengthen us; for humility without strength, and strength without humility, are equally hurtful. Now more than ever is the time to recollect that the timid are ranked with the perjured and the

wicked. If they are content with what we do well and good; for myself, if the matter remains with me, I will never do anything more. For the rest, let come what will—imprisonment, death, dispersion, poverty—all will seem as nothing to me, compared with the anguish in which I should pass the remainder of my days, if I had been so unhappy as to ally myself with death, at so noble an opportunity of performing to God the vows of fidelity which my lips have uttered."

We have, in conclusion, to regret very much that Mr. Beard's book is one which is not likely to make the subject generally popular. The history of such heroism is one of the most splendid lessons that an age can receive. To no age could it be more necessary or more instructive than to our own, an age in which we are more than ever liable to forget, what M. de Montalembert in his late book on Western Monasticism has called "the equilibrium between heaven and earth, the equilibrium between prayer and action, between the suppliant entreaties of a timid or grateful humanity, and the ceaseless uproar of its passions and its business." If the story of Port Royal is ever told by a true historian, with true historic power, it will be more attractive and more instructive than the petty tales of intriguing females by which modern moralists seek to improve or amuse mankind.

UNIVERSAL RESTORATION.*

We confess our inability fully to appreciate this stupendous work. A poem in blank verse, and in six-and-twenty books, takes us back in thought to the time when there were giants on the earth. Mr. Calvert should not have flourished in these degenerate days. His ambition is too vast, his aim too lofty, his courage too invincible, for an age which prefers prettiness to grandeur, and a short song to a long epic. We sympathise with Mr. Calvert when he speaks of the magnitude of the labour which we now behold accomplished. There can be no doubt whatever that the task has proved extremely arduous, but the architect who builds a lofty tower is apt to weary his friends as well as himself when ascending to its summit, and we are not quite sure that Mr. Calvert's readers and well-wishers will be able to avoid an occasional yawn while making their way through these two volumes.

We have nothing to do in this place with the theological question mooted by Mr. Calvert in the title of his poem, and with the views which have induced him to compose it. Perhaps as a poet, and therefore a seer, he has been enabled to discover truths for which there is no warrant in Scripture. If so, it would be hard to compel a benevolent man to keep such truths pent up within his own bosom. By all means let him speak out, albeit in blank verse; and happily, as literary critics, we have less to do with Mr. Calvert's doctrines than with the form in which he has expressed them.

It would be difficult to give within a reasonable compass the argument of the whole poem. "Universal Restoration" opens with an account of a new world, and a second race of men, who are supposed to live ten million years after this world has passed away, in a state of perfect happiness and innocence. But they,

* *Universal Restoration. A Poem, in Ten Epochs, divided into Twenty-six Books.* By George Calvert. 2 vols. (Longman and Co.)

too, fall as Adam fell, and are immediately restored by the Saviour, who appears in human form, and represents to them in vision the history of evil.

The poet then sails on ample pinion through the cycle of the ages, recording, with Milton, the sayings and doings of the fallen spirits, the state of innocence, the life led by Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, their disobedience, and its result. This brings us to the end of the ninth book, from which up to the close of the fifteenth, the poet of "Universal Restoration" has the field to himself, while he relates, frequently with a noble disdain of grammar or syntax, the deeds of Old Testament heroes. The sixteenth book contains Our Saviour's temptation. Here, therefore, we are once more forced to compare the poet Calvert with one of the greatest epic poets the world ever saw. Need we say that the comparison is somewhat unfavourable to the modern bard?

At this point the first volume closes. In the second, Mr. Calvert ventures on ground that Milton deemed too holy, and describes the crucifixion. All these scenes, be it remembered, pass in vision before the "spirits of second men," to whom also the spirits of men redeemed narrate their history. Among these, Mahomet, Constantine, Charles V. of Spain, Bacon, Shakespere, Milton—a curious medley—relate their experiences; and a Puseyite clergyman, Dissenting minister, whose "full-blown, rosy cheek tells not of fasts," a Ranter, and a "mild Socinian," preach sermons each according to his fashion.

Mr. Calvert is perfectly at home in the midst of thrones and dominations, and is not afraid of giving a voice to "archial dignities." He can also descend to the common deeds of daily life, and describe a hosier selling stockings:—

"See, to the tradesman's door a carriage rolls—
In it a gentleman of noble birth;
I know him well—a Tory, double blue;
His works are right—his doctrine, 'No reform'
in the old constitution tried he's faith,
In sounding theories new he's none. But, hark!
He's in the shop, his words shall speak for him.
He thus was heard:—'Well, Foster, how is trade?
You're looking dull as night.' 'I'm loath to say,
My lord, things are but bad.' 'Well, never mind;
We've come to give you a good order, John.
How much are these? Two shillings and ninepence!
Dear me, how cheap! I do not like it, John—
I know that it will end in roguery.
Twelve pairs of these; my usual stock of gloves.
Now, here's an order from her ladyship—
Here is her note; we'll call again at three
O'clock. Good day.'"

With the twenty-second book the millennium commences, and here Mr. Calvert takes possession of poetic ground of which he may fairly claim to be sole lord, for his idea of the millennium is altogether original. Then we are told that lawyers, soldiers, and "their relatives so near, the blue police," had no longer an occupation; then there was—for this golden era is described in the past tense—no need of judges or prime ministers; then Shakespere's histories were accounted the "head of all," while the "huge and cumbrous books, once history termed, were seldom read." Every village had its theatre, which was turned to its legitimate use, and the follies once lauded "formed a subject for the broadest farce":—

"Thus time fled on, and truth and justice ruled,
To wealth there was no bound, and works of good,
To men and nations, cost ne'er put aside.
Throughout the world, no man in rags was seen;
No beggar bowed for rich man's charity.
The crowded cities, boast of many lands,
Were suffered silently to fall to ruin,
Or swept away to make the common roads,
Or build up spacious drains, so little these
Now suited to the habits of mankind;
Men wiser lived, more widely far apart.
No seats of commerce rolled their dingy clouds,
To grieve the earth, or smut the blue of heaven.
The streams and brooks again ran, limpid, clear;
And country villages, and country towns,
Were soon rebuilt, and greatly beautified.

Between the streets, fair gardens interposed,
With serpent walks, and crystal winding lakes,
Where fountains played beside the rural grots;
And luscious fruits profuse on every hand.
All noxious vermin, and all insect tribes,
No more made war on others or themselves,
Or on the products of the husbandman.
The rains and dews were gentle as men's lives;
The rivers flowed as first in Paradise,
Upon whose banks the lovers told their tales:
Unsullied love e'er sought befitting place,
To speak of love, an emblem of itself."

To show the inhabitants of the transformed world what a different life their forefathers led, a drama is represented which we fear must have strangely jarred upon the feelings of millennium saints. Here, for instance, is a scene in a ball-room:—

"*Exquisite.* I'll—aw—I'll give a thousand guineas for
A traitor's polka; and another for
A grand *Fantasia*, entitled
'A Plebeians Retreat.' Ha, ha!
Noble Lady. As performed on the grand occasion
Of His Majesty's birthday. Ha, ha!
All. Ha, ha! ha, ha!
Protestant Priest. I would suggest, my lords, ladies, and
gentlemen,
That the *Fantasia* has no *ad libitum*.
Lord. And that it be not obligato.
Lady. O, fie! my lord. An obligato,
Fantasia! O, fie!
Lord. My lady, I do indeed
Beg pardon. I meant to say no grand
Display of Symphonies—
Exquisite. That's good. No *sympathies*, indeed! ha, ha!
All. Ha, ha! ha, ha!
Lady. My lord, you're not acquainted with
Musical terms. Obligatos are *solo*s
In overtures; and Symphonies, my lord,
Are concerted pieces.
Lord. A true, my lady; yet I have studied well.
Lady. Pray, what my lord?
Lord. A perfect form; and yours a model is
For angels and all ages.
Lady. A pretty compliment, and well turned, my lord—
I grant you *true*.
Lord. I thank your ladyship. [Aside.] Conceited impudence!
Exquisite. Pray, let the dance go on—we're very dull."

Lest our readers should find it very dull also, we will not risk another extract from this specimen of a renovated drama. After the scene a portion of which we have transcribed, "the audience in solemn prayer knelt down," but we must wait till the millennium before we can understand why they did so. In the twenty-fourth book the general judgment is described. Before that event the millennium had ceased.

"Man was a sport to passion left again,
And science and philosophy him failed."

It is but fair to the poet that he should be allowed to use his own marvellous pen in describing the last great event in the world's history. Yet we can only find space for a single passage, which, however, is highly characteristic of the rest:—

"Now sudden the electric currents changed;
The Alps, the Andes, and the Pyrenees
Were shivered into dust, and rolled in air;
The ocean sank down into lower depths;
Eclipses out of order paled the sun;
And mounds of earth where dead men lay
Did heave and fall; and breathings in the air,
Like men asleep, were heard; rains fell like blood;
Heat shrivelled up men's skin; the sun and moon
Seemed as they now were falling to the earth:
Men, gasping, fell upon their knees to pray,
But like to shrivelled leaves their tongues were parched,
And but a hiss came from their clammy throats.
Instant the demon hosts and angel powers
Were visible to men—and he who came
Descending to destroy the world: scarce had
He touched our sphere, when, like combustibles,
The elements burst into livid flames,
The ocean was licked up as but a drop,
The heavens around our globe collapsed and fell,
Earth gave one dying groan, and crackling rolled
To vapour dense, and passed away."

After this we are somewhat surprised to find the Apostle Paul conversing with Pollok about his "Course of Time." As a punishment for the false doctrine conveyed in that poem, the Scotch poet is condemned to tune his harp for forty thousand years. Poor Pollok! he has been persecuted enough by the critics in this world, and it seems hard that he should be compelled to submit to so severe a penance in another.

The poem ends with "the second men" being changed into spiritual beings, and we are wicked enough to wish that this conclusion had been arrived at with less difficulty. There can be no doubt that Mr. Calvert possesses considerable invention, some fancy, great earnestness of purpose, and a command of words, though not of the English language. There can be no question, too, that he is a man of ability; but we doubt whether he is much of a theologian, and we are sure, that he is not an epic poet. Whether the author of "Universal Restoration" be a poet at all, shall, so far as we are concerned, remain an open question.

ROXBURGHE CLUB PUBLICATIONS.*

THAT we inherit in England an early literature as rich, varied, and extensive, and withal as truly national, as can be claimed by any other country, is a fact, a full perception of the truth of which dates but from a very recent period. The force of this observation is most obvious in our poetical, in which is of course included our dramatic, literature; and it is in the highest degree interesting to note the slow and almost imperceptible degrees by which a knowledge of the value of our early poetry dawned upon us in the last century and progressed during the present; though even now we are far from estimating at their full value the priceless "treasures of our native tongue" which have been handed down to us, and of which the works of Shakespere or the authorised versions of the Bible and Prayer Book have alone obtained an appreciation adequate to their merits.

First came the gradual conviction which stole over men's minds that in Shakespere and in Milton we possess two poets worthy to be ranked with those of antiquity, and that to their works we must look for the true sources of our literary greatness, and not to the weary Mourning Brides or Catos of Congreve or of Addison, nor yet to the didactic solemnity of Young or the sparkling conceits of Pope.

It is true that even in their own days the immortal works of the two great authors alluded to—Shakespere and Milton—had met with warm, and almost appreciative admiration, at the hands of some of their contemporaries; witness Ben Jonson's noble tribute to Shakespere, and those, scarcely less valuable, yielded to Milton by Wotton, or Marvell, or even Dryden, incapable as the latter showed himself of reverently comprehending the true spirit of either of the great bards whose works he unintentionally burlesqued. But if by contemporary praise we might judge of the merits of an author, our greatest dramatists we might esteem Randolph or Cartwright, and our greatest poets, Cleveland or Brome.

Long after Shakespere had been raised to the position of a poet of whom his country might be proud, the fact began to break upon men's minds that he did not stand alone in the firmament of poetry, but that around him were clustered a galaxy of poets inferior to him, but worthy to stand by his side, and far less below him in merit than they were above

* *De Regimine Principum.* A Poem by Thomas Ocreve. Edited by Thomas Wright. (Printed for the Roxburghe Club. 1861.)

Songs and Ballads, with other Poems, chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary. Edited by Thomas Wright. (Printed for the Roxburghe Club. 1861.)

the servile imitators of the Gallic drama who had been looked upon as his only rivals. Very recently, then, we say, have educated Englishmen begun to appreciate that glorious Elizabethan epoch, and while even now all have heard of the imaginative poetry of Fletcher, that deeper and more tragical of Beaumont, the vigorous thought, and yet tender fancy of Jonson, the stately march of Massinger, or the harrowing tenderness of Ford, there yet remains after these well-known names are mentioned, enough true poetry, the production of almost unknown writers, to entitle this age to rank with the foremost in excellence.

We should like to know how many of those who have received the highest education this country can afford them, are aware that the deepest tragedy not in Shakespere may be found in a coeval writer named Webster; how many have barely heard of the subtle pathos of Decker, the meditative and gentle sweetness of Heywood, or the "mighty line" of Marlowe. So, too, while volume upon volume of nauseating rubbish goes to compose the collections which are dignified by the title of the works of our English poets, in all our popular series we find not one single allusion to writers even of such indisputable excellence as Chapman, Drayton, Wither, Herrick, or Marvel.

So long, then, as, even among the class of educated readers, so much ignorance or indifference exists with regard to the writings of those who were the true founders, not only of our literature, but even of our language as it is now spoken, we can scarcely wonder that among general readers the demand for these works should be exceedingly small, and should hold out but little inducement to the publisher to venture upon this unsafe and comparatively untried ground. So it has proved in the result; for, with the exception of one or two series, like the admirable one of Mr. J. R. Smith, entitled "The Library of Old Authors," or Moxon's valuable dramatic library, few of the reprints of our early English writers have been issued except at a price which to the mere general reader is prohibitory. Many of the best of these works that we possess are the productions of private printing presses, like those of Sir Egerton Brydges at Lee Priory, of Sir J. Boswell at Auchinleck, of Messrs. Longman and Co., and others.

One other favourite method under which works of archaeological interest have been issued, has been by means of printing societies and clubs, of which we have had a considerable number in this country, and the labours of some of which have been invaluable in preserving from the risk of destruction works which up to that date existed only in manuscripts, or in single copies of equal rarity. Such, for instance, have been the Shakespere and Percy Societies, the value of the labours, of the latter in particular, those who have examined into the works they have preserved will not be slow to recognise. Among the printing clubs, the Roxburgh Society, while standing deservedly high as regards the character of the works it has published, is perhaps the most select and aristocratic in its constitution. Originally formed in celebration of the sale of the library of the Duke of Roxburgh, remarkable alike for the rarity of the works it contained, and for the almost fabulous sums which they realised, this club has now been in existence forty-eight years. By the constitution of the society, each member in turn is bound to print at his own expense, and deliver to his associates, some scarce work connected with early history or literature. By this plan, a considerable number of works of extreme interest and importance have been issued, many

of which have been until so published entirely inaccessible.

We have been favoured with a sight of the two volumes last printed for the Roxburgh Society, and which are now being issued to the members. They are of extreme interest to those who are students of our early language; and as they are generally little less inaccessible in this form than they were previously, we purpose giving our readers a slight insight into their contents.

They consist of two early poetical works, both of which are published under the excellent editorship of Mr. Thomas Wright, a name which of course offers the highest possible guarantee for the fidelity and skill with which the editorial functions are discharged; one of the works is contributed to the society by Mr. Robert S. Holford; the other is issued by the society itself. The first work consists of an early black letter poem by Thomas Occleve, now first published, and entitled "Re Regimine Principum;" and the second of a poetical miscellany entitled "Songs and Ballads, with Other Short Poems, chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary."

The work of Occleve, though the earlier in date, is on the whole the less interesting volume of the two. Those specimens of Occleve's poems printed by George Mason at the close of last century, unimportant though they were, were enough to prove that no high order of descriptive or narrative power, and no vein of lofty poetry, need be looked for in this author, and this opinion is fortified by perusal of the present volume. While destitute of the almost Shakesperian universality of Chaucer, while inferior to the narrative power of the "Moral Gower," it is worthy to be ranked, we think, before the tedious translations of Lydgate, as containing more sprightliness, more incident, and in a still higher degree more illustrations of the habits of the day. This is in fact one true source of the value of much of our archaic literature; and there are few books published before the Commonwealth which, however slight may be their literary merit, do not contain some information valuable to the antiquary or the philologist. The plot of the poem "Re Regimine Principum" is slight. Occleve represents himself rising from his bed, for the sake of walking in the fields. During his ramble he meets with an old man, with whom he enters into conversation; as the dialogue progresses, Occleve opens his heart to his newly-found acquaintance, and blends with many general complaints as to the vices and habits of the age, an amount of individual candour in the confession of his own shortcomings, which is strongly characteristic of our author. He acknowledges that his has been a life of slothful indulgence, rising late (it may somewhat modify our views as to his excess in this respect to know that six o'clock a.m. is considered by him late rising) and spending his time in the taverns and stews, amidst society which he describes with so much unctuous as leads us to believe that if confession is half way to amendment, there still remains the other half of that journey for him to undertake. He complains that the yearly pension granted him by King Henry IV. remains unpaid, and is accordingly advised by the old man to write somewhat that shall bring him under the favourable notice of the Prince of Wales. Acting upon this suggestion, he commences that part of the work which has given rise to its title, and endeavours, by means of anecdotes drawn from the historians of antiquity, to hold before the young Prince examples that may serve him as beacons or as models in his subsequent career.

Whatever, then, is best in this book, consists in allusions to his own personal habits, or to the general vices and characteristics of the age in which he wrote. These allusions are fortunately numerous. In philological information, also, it is not without value. One singular proof of the entire alteration which lapse of time produces on the signification of words, is oddly enough illustrated here. The present signification of "buxom" is anything but a Divine attribute, but in Occleve we learn that

"God toke upone hym humble buxomness,
When he him wrappede in our mortelle rynde."

The ancient signification of "buxom," derived from the Anglo-Saxon was meek or humble. There are one or two allusions to Chaucer in this volume, and one to Gower; and in the case of these writers he mentions both with praise, and Chaucer himself with a tone of sincere and respectful admiration, which Chaucer's contemporaries seem to have yielded him in all instances with a warmth very different from, and nobler than, the jealous rivalries of subsequent days.

The volume of "Songs and Ballads" possesses a value of a higher nature than the work of Occleve. It consists of a selection of short poems on various subjects, and with considerable variety of metres, which have been written down by the copier, who has chosen them from what of the literature of the day appeared to him most worthy of preservation. In several ways this volume is eminently worthy of being known. First, in intrinsic literary merit. One of a class of works not uncommon in those days, of which the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," and "England's Helicon," so well known to students of our early poetical literature, are examples—we think the poems contained in it are superior in merit to those which compose the first-named volume, though certainly inferior to those more modern and much more poetical which we find in the second. It gives us also the names of several poets whose names as yet have escaped the research of even such acute and practised eyes as those of Ritson. Then, lastly, as the editor justly observes, it appears at a period which has hitherto seemed a blank in our poetic annals, and fills a niche in them which, without its appearance, must have been left empty. The subjects of which this curious volume is composed may generally be placed under four heads—didactic, amatory, narrative, or satirical, the greatest interest probably centring in the narrative. The satirical poems are very valuable for the light they throw upon the contemporary history, and likewise for the fact dwelt upon by Mr. Wright, that though obviously written in the age of Philip and Mary, their satires are distinctly anti-Catholic. The amatory poems are of the usual complexion of those of that day, when the Italian literature was sedulously studied and followed. The didactic poems consist of grave moralisings upon the vanity of mundane affairs, and are often given in the form of a dream or a vision, "as I lay slombryng in manner of a trans," or "slombryng, by a vision a voice to me ascryde." This form of composition is as common in our literature as it is tedious and inartistic. In the narrative poems, the first place is certainly due to the ballad of "Chevy Chase," of which a version is here given differing in some respects of language from that ordinarily received; but we are inclined to believe that the one here given is the original poem, and that it is the composition of the Richard Sheale for whom it is claimed in the present volume. There is besides another ballad of considerable interest, a

modernised version of which has appeared in Evans's "Old Ballads" entitled "The Murder of the Two Brothers, Lewis and Edward West, by the Sons of Lord Darsy."

It appears to us that from the subjects treated of in this volume, from the allusions, and from many words and phrases which are employed, the compiler, though, as he tells us, a retainer of the Earl of Derby and a resident at the town of Tamworth, must in his ministerial capacity have wandered much in the northern counties of York, Durham, and Northumberland, as almost all these allusions, &c., referred to are connected with the language, history, or traditions of these remote counties. It is probable that the question of the authorship of the ballad of "Chevy Chase" will not be conceded to Dr. Sheale without some opposition. In the meantime, we are glad to see that by the printing of even the limited number of copies of this work which are issued by the Roxburgh Club to its members, all the serious loss that would follow the accidental destruction of this valuable manuscript is prevented, though we shall still be glad if ever its contents are made more accessible to the general reader by another edition, of which the manuscript is well worthy. Meantime we trust our readers will be glad of this opportunity of obtaining some idea of the contents of two of the most interesting volumes to the archaeologist, the philologist, and the student of our national literature, which have been published for some time back. We yet trust for a day when works of this nature will be sufficiently appreciated to render unnecessary the cumbrous machinery of a printing club, and when a publisher may seek in our old literature for what is valuable and worthy of preservation, and reproduce it for us without, as now, an almost certainty of loss; for much as has been done recently towards bringing desirable books before us in an accessible form, much remains yet to be done not only before the quarry is exhausted, but before we have reached what has been accomplished by other nations whose treasures are infinitely less worthy of such preservation.

THE CRAVENS OF BEECH HALL.*

MENTAL growth ought not in this educational age to require additional ventilation, and yet not the least remarkable of the many faults engendered by the haste with which novels are now-a-days thrown off, is, that the characters are very seldom made to grow. We do not mean that the mental stature of heroes and heroines has been at last accurately fixed at one unchanging standard, but that in their changes they exhibit no gradual development. They either spring up with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd and under the same cover of darkness, or take a chameleon colour from every circumstance on which they are thrown. Very often they remain from first to last the same. Yet the novelist professes to take us behind the scenes. He is not, like the dramatist, content to let his actors fret their hour upon the stage, and to leave the audience to put their own interpretation upon all the virtue and villainy displayed; but he takes us to the green-room, he explains the management of the thunder and lightning, fingers the flaming pitchforks of the demons, and points out the heroine

unbending over the familiar flagon with the monarch or the murderer. If, then, in real life, characters gradually develop, we have a right to expect that this privileged exhibitor should show the process. He should furnish dissolving views, in which tint gradually melts into tint, not disconnected sketches of the various phases of life and passion.

There are doubtless circumstances under which character does not develop. An old maid in a country village, a very popular and self-satisfied preacher who has taken a short cut to the Aristotelian heights of self-contemplation, or a parliamentary bore, may after a certain time cease to make any but a circular progress round their own perfection. But such are not the elect of novelists—monotony is the gravest breach of fiction's decalogue; and if such a personage is introduced, it is only to serve as a foil or an awful warning. Excitement is the main object, and is sought in variety or tragedy—two most powerful agencies in the modification of character. Thus we are presented with a spectacle most strange and unreal. Heroes and heroines face fire and water; gather grapes; browse on thistles; commit love, matrimony, and murder; and at the end of the performance are as unchanged as if, like Marraton, in Addison's Indian story, they had been passing through a shadow-world, whose phantom thorns and roses allured or repelled the gaze, but were impalpable to touch.

How different is the treatment in a really first-rate novel; such, for instance, as the "Mill on the Floss." If we were compelled—as we trust we never shall be compelled—to describe in one word a work so comprehensive, we should call it a psychological novel. In this point, more perhaps than in any other, it towers above the ordinary run of novels. The growth of Maggie's character is so clearly traced, that we almost fancy we can see the several parts played in it by her restlessly active imagination, her early vanity, her father's indulgence, her mother's weakness, her studies, her trials, and all the influences which make so full of interest a life which in ordinary hands might be almost monstrous. The same criticism is applicable, though naturally in a less degree, to Tom Tulliver, the second figure of the group. Less skill is required for the delineation of his character, which is not really so complex; but still the effect of early suffering and precocious independence on harshness, self-reliance, and half-enlightened integrity, is brought out with admirable distinctness.

We instance the "Mill on the Floss" as one extreme, and we may fairly take the "Cravens of Beech Hall" as the other. We speak only in reference to this unphilosophical treatment of character. In many respects the novel is very much above the average of its class. The plot is tolerably original, and neither too intricate nor too obvious. The style is fashioned on the most approved models, perfectly easy and natural, but never undignified; and the general result is a picture of life and manners, not an exposition of some pet dogma or sectarian code. The heroine, Mrs. Craven, is a young and beautiful woman, less remarkable for mental endowments than for personal charms, and a sort of loveable helplessness. Her devoted and elderly husband dies of heart-complaint in the first few pages, and bequeaths to her the entire disposal of his property, provided she remains unmarried. His brother, Richard Craven, a stern, close-fisted, iron-hearted lawyer, regards this will as grossly unjust to his nephew, and inveighing against the artful artlessness of the pretty widow,

breaks off all connection with her. This throws her into the arms of the villain, Edgar Manly, who in the will is appointed joint-trustee with Richard Craven. Edgar loses his heart, replaces it with that of the widow, and makes a most business-like use of her affections by decoying her into a speculation which enables him to pay his debts of honour—persuades her into a secret marriage, into making a will in his favour, slips a quietus into her soothing-draught—and to the dismay and disgust of Richard Craven and his nephew, steps into undisputed possession of the property. He is ousted by Richard Craven's son, who accidentally learns the secret of the marriage from a boy whom he rescues from starvation, and who had dogged the wedding-party to the quiet city-church where the ceremony was performed. This invalidates the pseudo-widow's will, and convicts Manly of deliberate fraud. He writes a letter, which shortly becomes a "blood-stained missive," confessing his crime, and blows out his brains. Young Craven returns to the home of his ancestors, and the curtain falls.

Our readers will see that in the plot probability is rather sacrificed to originality, and it is cast in a form better suited for the stage than for a novel. Indeed, the authoress has an unusually good idea of dramatic effect. The poisoning scene is wonderfully well drawn, and the accidental tolling of the church-bell at the secret marriage, followed immediately by a most ominous collision in the doorway between the wedding-party and the funeral procession, is introduced with striking effect. However, it would require merits of a rarer and higher order to reconcile us to the great blot in the book—the management of Manly's character. Nearly all the interest centres on him, for he is, as far as exterior goes, a villain of the true melo-dramatic type. He is tall, dark, with a strikingly handsome but sinister face, low, sweet voice, and distinguished manners. He has been admirably brought up by his guardian, Mr. Craven, and, except the sinister expression and a gloomy brow, there is nothing to show that the education has been thrown away. In fact, the general impression formed of his character is that, though slightly indolent and selfish, he is an amiable, high-minded gentleman. A dramatical explanation of the gloomy brow is furnished by a mysterious visit to London, where Manly plays blue-bottle to the spider of a "keen, hungry-looking" usurer—"the gay soldier, leading a life of idleness and frivolity, facile, and of unbusiness-like habits, too indolent to investigate with diligence any plan or plot," is cajoled by the usurer into persuading the widow to advance money for a speculation about which he is represented as feeling some slight uneasiness. He falls deeply and truly in love with his victim—saves her life—marries her—treats her throughout with kindness and consideration—and then poisons her. The deed done, he is of course wretched, groans at most unseasonable hours, &c., but still remains most interesting from a beautifully touching devotion to the lovely daughter of the poisoned one, chiefly, it appears, because she reminds him of her mother. Just before his suicide he sends for her, bespeaks her pure prayers, and parts from her with a passionate, paternal embrace.

A "gay, indolent, selfish, facile, frivolous" soldier poisons a woman whom he has once devotedly loved—by whom he is still idolised—who has never thwarted him in a single wish—with whom it does not appear that he has ever exchanged an angry word—merely because, like thousands of far better and far

worse men, he has got into debt! Nine out of ten men would not, in such a position, get so far as picking pockets or forging, and here we have not merely murder, but murder with every accessory of cold-blooded and treacherous atrocity. All this is strange enough; but the strangest part has still to be told. Leaving out of the question his midnight moanings, haggard looks, and staggering steps, all of which might have been occasioned by epilepsy or the failure of his banker, we can see no sort of change in the character of this amiable and elegant ruffian. Edgar Manly, "gazing with deepest tenderness" at the woman he loves, and Edgar Manly dexterously manipulating the poisoned phial, or shedding paternal tears over the pure-minded Amy before he retires to blow out his brains, are to all intents and purposes one and the same. We do not, be it observed, press two charges, to which the authoress has fairly laid herself open. It might be urged, in the first place, that it is scarcely sound morality to invest with so much that is graceful and attractive the very lowest form of depravity; and in the second, that a good novel is a picture-gallery, not a surgeon's hall. We do not put two-headed babies into drawing-room photograph-books; and Palmer, or Crispinus, though capital subjects for law and satire, are out of place in a novel of which the scene is not laid in Bridewell or Botany Bay. The best, if not the only, apology for the introduction of such a monstrosity is to make him, as an exceptional case, the subject of a special analysis, to label him "Poison," and hold him up to universal detestation, and, if possible, contempt. Manly is never analysed—is treated quite as an ordinary specimen of erring humanity—and for labelling, is delicately wrapped up in a most attractive covering of Lara-like remorse.

It is easy to see that this error has arisen from an imperfect apprehension of a great truth. Many years ago it was the fashion for writers of fiction, and even of history, to make every hero the embodiment of some one quality, which, in season and out of season, he never failed to illustrate. It was quite forgotten, not merely that human nature is complex, intricate, and inconsistent, but also that human conduct is often only the balance struck in the conflict between an inner and an outer world. It is not improbable that every conceivable circumstance exercises some influence, however inappreciable, on character, and it is easy to see how widely separated must be the poles between which character may oscillate, when we consider with what an infinite variety of strength and combination the pressure of circumstances may be applied. There ensued a very proper reaction, but it has naturally gone too far. Henry VIII. becomes a model for all husbands; Mary Queen of Scots for all wives; and "the deil o' Dundee" a happy combination of Sydney and Bayard. This extreme is intellectually not less absurd than the other, and is morally far more pernicious. Because the irreclaimable villain of the old school, unredeemed by a single generous thought, is an impossible character, it does not follow that murder is only an amiable peccadillo, and in nowise exclusive of the highest culture of the most Christian virtues.

We have dwelt at length on this fault, because we consider it one of the most common of those now prevalent in fiction. Nor do the intrinsic merits of the novel entitle it to a very lengthy consideration. The style is perhaps its strong point. Mrs. Craven's character is very happily drawn, and so is that of her mother. Indeed, they both appear to be either actually

taken from, or at least suggested by, real life. If Mrs. Francis Guise will be less melodramatic, and, leaving pistols and poisoned phials, treat of muffins and tea-cups, she may occupy some day a respectable place among that numerous and respectable body—the mediocre novelists.

A TREATISE ON WOOD ENGRAVING.*

UPWARDS of twenty years have elapsed since the first appearance of Jackson and Chatto's meritorious "Treatise on Wood Engraving;" a work which, though far from exhausting the important subject with which it dealt, was welcomed at the time as one of a high order of merit, and which, supplied what was justly felt to be a want viz., correct and reliable information, upon a subject which, in this country at least, had received but little elucidation, and that little at hands whose competency to deal with it was more than questionable.

During the last few years, this work has gradually become more and more difficult to meet with, and recently a copy could seldom be obtained, and then only at a high price; but the inevitable expense attendant upon the publication of a work like this, has deferred the production of a second edition, which has long been required. The copyright of this work has, however, now passed into the hands of Mr. Bohn, and that spirited publisher has accordingly issued a second edition, in the form of the handsome volume now before us, and which we gladly welcome. It is not our intention to enter into a detailed account of the contents of this valuable and interesting book. Though the excessive scarcity of the first edition might justly warrant us in treating this as a new work, we shall content ourselves with glancing at the few features which distinguish, though not over-prominently, the present from the first edition. We say not over-prominently, and we might add not over-wisely, for though conceding to Mr. Bohn all credit for the enterprising spirit which leads him to re-issue a volume of so expensive and important a character as the present, yet we have always looked upon it as a mistake to endeavour to bring an historical treatise down to the present day by giving a brief and unsatisfactory chapter upon productions which have appeared subsequently to the period at which the author had originally closed his labours. To a work conceived in a philosophical spirit, and executed with diligence and attention, a brief epitome of subsequent information or productions may with advantage be added, in the form of an appendix; but when incorporated into the body of the work, they detract from rather than add to its value. They diminish the feeling of integral completeness, and in place of forming a portion of an entire work, they are merely linked to it as a species of excrescence.

We think this is particularly the case with the present volume, but we should not have given this complaint so prominent a notice had it been in this instance alone Mr. Bohn had so

offended; but we could point out many cases where valuable works re-issued under the same auspices are similarly disfigured, and where the little that is done towards the so-called improvement of the book, is in fact a mere index to its deficiencies. Perhaps the most glaring instance of this fault may be found in the reprint of the invaluable "Bibliographer's Manual" of Lowndes.

The enlargements made in the present edition are of two sorts, the first consisting of a few additional engravings, with explanatory letter-press scattered through the volume, and the second of a new chapter on the artists of the present day. Those which come under the first heading, are neither numerous nor very important, but as they are connected with the plan of the work, and serve to illustrate more fully portions of artistic detail which are quite within its scope, we do not in the least object to their being so inserted. Many of these woodcuts are equally curious or beautiful with any which can be found in the volume. Among these, we would particularly specify "the sheath of a dagger, intended as a design for a chaser" (p. 374). This exceedingly beautiful engraving, the original drawing of which is preserved in the public library at Basle, is ascribed to Hans Holbein, and for the spirit of its conception and the power of its delineations, may well rank with any work of that famed artist. As such, we rejoice to see it introduced in this work. So also are we glad to see preserved the curious representation of Queen Elizabeth upon the throne (p. 429), taken from the edition of Fox's "Acts and Monuments," published by John Day, in 1576; and the quaint portraiture of the book-collecting fool (p. 468), from the Pynson edition of 1509, of Barclay's *Ship of Fools*—a translation of Silvester Brandt's "Stultifera Navis," and, both as regards the text and the illustrations, one of the most curious works that have issued from our early English press.

Among these additions we also note, in the chapter devoted to the "revival of wood engraving," several more woodcuts by the celebrated Bewick that were comprised in the first edition; and cynical indeed should we be did we object to one of these specimens of a man whose talents have won him such deserved celebrity. But with these our praise must stop. The additional chapter professing to treat on artists and engravers on wood of the present day, which occupies altogether fifty-one pages (549 to 600*),* is as meagre, unsatisfactory, and ill-arranged as can well be conceived. It is true that Mr. Bohn informs us more than once in this book that it is his intention to issue a supplementary volume, which shall give a more comprehensive and exact account of the wood engravers who in this day, both in this and other countries, have carried their art to a pitch of such great and undeniable excellence. This volume, on its appearance, we shall be glad to see, and pronounce upon it our conscientious and deliberate verdict; but we think that the fact of proposing to issue a work of this desirable character is an additional reason why the crude and hasty chapter should have been omitted from the present volume. In the opening of this chapter it is stated that "applications in the form of a circular were accordingly issued, and they have resulted in the specimens now presented. They must speak for themselves, it not being within the province of the publisher to pronounce as to their respective

* A *Treatise on Wood Engraving; Historical and Practical*. With upwards of 300 Illustrations, Engraved on Wood by John Jackson. The Historical portion by W. A. Chatto. Second Edition, with a new chapter on the artists of the present day, by Henry G. Bohn, and 145 additional Wood Engravings. (London: H. G. Bohn. 1861.)

* The pages are so numbered in the volume; for the sake of distinction, pages 561 to 600 being repeated in consequence of the information contained in this portion of the work being an afterthought, only inserted when the book was on the verge of publication.

merits." . . . "The following specimens are given in accidental order rather than with any notion of precedence or classification." It is an old adage that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," and we think Mr. Bohn would have done well in bearing this adage in mind, for though haste may be pleaded as an excuse when the object is to supply information on some subject of ephemeral interest, such as the life of some dignitary whom passing events have raised into momentary notoriety, yet in the case of a book destined to supply some sensible want, and to occupy a permanent position on the shelves of the student, such an excuse cannot for one moment be allowed. It has been held, and not without some show of reason, that even in epistolary correspondence between those not intimately acquainted, a plea of haste, so far from being an excuse for slovenliness or incorrectness, is an aggravation of the offence. How much more strongly, then, is not this the case with regard to works which assume to be standard? We would far rather have waited until such time, however long, as was deemed necessary to send this work forth complete, as its own merits, apart from those of the subject with which it deals, require it to be, than see it before us now in its fragmentary and asuredly unsatisfactory state.

The engravings, which constitute the illustrative portion of this chapter, are selected from a wide enough range of names, and are mostly taken from works which, published during the last few years, have attained already a certain degree of celebrity, though in different instances of a widely different order. The charming rustic scenes of Birket Foster, the historical designs of Tenniel, the renowned productions of Stanfield, Creswick, Macrise, or Martin, are heterogeneously jumbled together with the drolleries of George Cruikshank, Doyle's foreign tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and other subjects taken from the pages of the "Illustrated London News," "Punch," or other similar periodicals. As if in illustration of the truth of our observations upon the deficiencies of this chapter, its last two pages are occupied by a list of the English artists or engravers whose names are not mentioned in it. With the completeness of this list, we have no fault to find, and confession is likewise made that to "foreign art, which has progressed quite as rapidly as our own," no allusion whatever occurs. We regret to see these apologies occurring, and would far rather, on every ground, that the work had been simply republished, or if additions had been made, they had consisted simply of those which were embodied in the original text, and which we have alluded to with praise, and that the contents of this present paltry chapter had been reserved, in order to be issued with the other additional matter which is to compose the volume hinted at as likely some day to be given us. These remarks are made in no spirit of ill-feeling; we respect the publisher of this work, for the great efforts he has made to popularise literature of the very highest order, by means of the series of cheap publications which have rendered his name so well known, no less than for the works of standard merit, similar to the one under review, for which we are indebted alike to his taste and his courage; but we wish to see such works take the position which should be theirs, of complete and philosophical treatises, and not of hasty and ill-digested summaries. In every typographical respect, this book is all we could wish it. Many of the engravings are executed in a style which does the highest credit alike to the

publisher and to the printer, Mr. Clay, to whom, in the preface, Mr. Bohn acknowledges his obligations. The type is clear, legible, and distinct, and altogether, apart from the blemish we have alluded to, we are sure that this is a work which will be gladly welcomed, and will find a resting-place upon the shelves of the lover of art and of the scholar.

We are glad that Mr. Bohn has not disinterred from the oblivion in which it is desirable they should sleep, any particulars of the acrimonious quarrel between the joint producers of this work, to which its first appearance gave rise, and with no irreconsiderable portion of which the public became acquainted through the correspondence that was published in the columns of a weekly contemporary. Besides having now lost all interest to the public, there is something unseemly and repulsive in the idea of reviving, before another and a different generation, the records of a dispute which assumed proportions and rancour which we should imagine its authors would have been glad to see buried in oblivion.

NEW NOVELS.

X

One of the Family: or, The Ladies. A Novel. Edited by Mrs. Grey, Author of "The Little Beauty," &c. (London: Charles J. Skeet, 10, King William Street, Charing Cross. 1861.) Reclining in the easiest of easy chairs, before the brightest of fires, after the most satisfactory of dinners—a not too *exigeant* novel-reader might while away a couple of hours pleasantly enough with "One of the Family." It is just the sort of book that commends itself to the self-complacent, semi-lethargic, post-prandial condition—not so entertaining as to interfere with the operations of the digestive organs; nor, on the other hand, so hopelessly dull as to cause us to lapse into premature somnolence. If Mrs. Grey had written (the affectation of editorship being, we presume, merely a device of the modesty of authorship) for the especial delectation of after-dinner readers, she could not have produced a more appropriate story. The most erratic attention could not fail to follow the plot. We may open either volume hap-hazard at any place, peruse the same page twice over if we please, skip or read, it is perfectly immaterial which, some half-dozen chapters, just as the fancy takes us, without any fear of the effort jarring on our pleasantly dormant faculties. Our interest in the fate and fortune of the several personages—there are only three of them—the invalid mamma and the dead "Jemmy" counting for nothing in a novel—is of the vaguest and dreamiest description. There is not a single "scene of thrilling interest," nor a solitary "passionate appeal"—we quote from the advertisements of the penny romances—calculated to disturb our exquisite self-enjoyment, with the exception, perhaps, of an occasional semi-conscious feeling that, but for our slippers, we should like to kick the unmannerly and unmannerly "hero." Otherwise the whole story flows smoothly and placidly onward, without a shadow or a ripple on its unvarying surface to catch the eye or arrest the attention. The style is on a par with the matter. We have pages of romantic young lady reveries tinted with moral philosophy, German metaphysics, and Alfred Tennyson—in fact, the whole conversation between hero and heroine on and after their first introduction to each other, is a curious compound of Schelling and the "Lady of Shalott"—so the most som-

nolently disposed reader need not entertain any serious apprehension on this score. We have said that the story has no plot; nevertheless, in compliance with the time-honoured custom of reviewers, we will endeavour to give an outline of what passes for such. The hero, Mr. Horace Shirley—we award him the post of honour, inasmuch as he is almost the only male character in the story—is a gentleman of independent property and peculiar opinions, who, after the preliminary course of Tennyson and metaphysics above alluded to, proceeds deliberately to fall in love with a Miss Friede de Winton; but after a year or two's courtship changes his mind, and transfers his affection to her younger sister Florence, whom he eventually marries; the deserted Friede, in want of a better substitute, taking up with a rural dean, and living and dying at the Hermitage. This is positively the whole *matériel* of the narrative, and on this somewhat unstable "peg" Mrs. Grey contrives somehow or other to hang two volumes of wide-margined print. We congratulate her sincerely on not venturing on the conventional proportions of the *Minerva* Press. An opiate, when administered in small quantities, is sometimes pleasant enough, but a larger dose will upset the strongest constitution.

MR. OWEN MEREDITH'S "LUCILE."

We have to call the attention of our readers to one of the most gross and audacious plagiarisms which the history of literature ever had to record—a plagiarism which is astounding alike for its impudence, for its persistency, and from the position of the writer who has been so dishonest and so imprudent as to venture upon it. It is an unpalatable office to show that the son of one of the most illustrious authors of the day, has deliberately committed the most heinous offence of which a man of letters can be guilty. But, disagreeable and painful as the task is, and much as we regret the mortification which the disclosure must inevitably cause amongst Mr. Owen Meredith's friends, still it is our plain duty to the public to expose the shameful fraud that has been put upon them.

In the spring of last year Mr. Owen Meredith's poem of "Lucile" was published, and in our review of it (see "Literary Gazette," for May 5, No. 97) we expressed a suspicion that in spite of his claim to originality brought forward in the preface, Mr. Owen Meredith was not "so totally without a guiding star in his new pilgrimage." We indicated that he was "under constant and most obtrusive obligations" to Alfred de Musset, and we gave one instance where the English author had translated literally two of De Musset's lines. These suspicions, as we have since discovered, were so far from being unfounded, that we now accuse him, not of stealing one or two stanzas, but his entire poem from a foreign source.

In short, we have discovered beyond a doubt that Mr. Owen Meredith's "Lucile," in so far as regards Part I. of that poem, is nothing more than "Lavinia" by George Sand,* carefully and neatly paraphrased—to a great extent, as we shall show, literally translated, and converted into an English metre, of which Mr. Owen Meredith is, we believe, the sole patentee. We give him full credit for his

* Published in 1844 by Perrotin, Rue Fontaine-Molière, in Paris. It is also to be found in the second volume of George Sand's "Œuvres Complètes" (Brussels), of which a copy may be consulted at the British Museum, by any who wish to test our charge.

rhymes, but the *dramatis persona*, the plot, the situations, the minute descriptions of scenery and feelings and objects, in the French prose and the English verse are identical. Mr. Owen Meredith has treated with the most reverent hand the work of the great French novelist, and has put as little of his own as was possible into his version of "Lavinia." But what can be the meaning of the passage, which in our first review we quoted from the preface to "Lucile":—"In this poem I have abandoned those forms of verse with which I had most familiarised my thoughts, and have endeavoured to follow a path on which I could discover *no footprints before me either to guide or to warn*." Did Mr. Owen Meredith merely intend in this sentence to claim originality for his canting anapæsts, but not for his ideas? We are the more inclined to ask these questions, because, in the note to page 58, Mr. Owen Meredith is almost affected in his avowal of the derivation of his song "The Paradise Bird," from the suggestion of friend. What straining at this gnat of a song, when the author has swallowed and digested without a qualm, without an audible groan or visible grimace, the whole of George Sand's "Lavinia"!

But the whole of the note in question deserves reproduction. It is as follows:—"The idea, which is imperfectly embodied in this song, was suggested to me by a friend, to whom I am indebted for so much throughout this poem, that I gladly avail myself of this passing opportunity, in acknowledging the fact, to record my grateful sense of it. I name him not. When he reads these words, his heart will comprehend what is in mine while I write them."—"Lucile," p. 58.)

Now, we are naturally led to wonder who this friend can be, "to whom" Mr. Meredith is "indebted for so much throughout this poem," unless it be George Sand herself. But before proceeding to point out, by comparative extracts, how extensively he is "indebted" to George Sand, we may remark that the only passage in "Lucile" in which her name is mentioned seems to indicate, by a false spelling, and by a very uncomplimentary anachronism as to her age, that Mr. Owen Meredith, however carefully he may have studied her works, has no personal acquaintance with George Sand.

"I think Georges Sand
Must have met him and known him when, after the Peace,
He made the grand tour of the Continent."—(P. 25.)

The celebrated *nom de plume* is here Gallicised by the "s" added to the George; and most certainly that name had never been heard or thought of at the Peace in 1815, when George Sand was about ten years old.

The story of "Lavinia" (and of "Lucile," Part I.) is very simple. The Lady Lavinia (in the English version, the Countess Lucile), hearing that her former lover, Sir Lionel (Lord Alfred) is engaged to a young English heiress, and is staying with a party of her friends at a watering-place in the Pyrenees, within a few miles of her own residence, writes to remind him of a pledge interchanged by them when, after deciding that they were unsuited to each other, they "parted as friends, soon more strangers to grow." This pledge was that, whenever demanded by the lady, the gentleman was to restore to her in person her letters and her portrait. The French original and the English paraphrase both open with this letter, on the arrival of which the faithless lover seeks the advice of Lavinia's cousin Henry, (in "Lucile" it is *his own* cousin

John), and after a conversation, in which cousin Henry (cousin John) takes his place as the comic character of the piece, Sir Lionel (Lord Alfred) starts for the place of Lavinia's (Lucile's) residence to fulfil the pledge. He arrives at night, and sees the lady, unseen himself, at a ball-room, where she is dancing with a new admirer, the Count de Morangy, who in "Lucile" is called the Duc de Luvois. This sight rouses his jealousy, and half revives his former passion. Sir Lionel (Lord Alfred) waits upon Lavinia (Lucile) at her house to restore her letters and portrait. We now give, from the French and English versions, the description of her reception-room, its contents, and their effect upon the recreant lover:—

"Lavinia," page 278.

"Des rideaux de basin bien blanc recevaient l'ombre mouvante des sapins qui seconnaient leurs chevelures noires au vent de la nuit, sous l'humide regard de la lune. De petits seuax de bois d'olivier vermeil étaient remplis des plus belles fleurs de la montagne. Lavinia avait cueilli elle-même, dans les plus désertes vallées, et sur les plus hautes cimes, ces bella-dones au sein vermeil, ces acajous au cimier d'azur, au calice vénérable; ces silènes blanc et rose, dont les pétales sont si délicatement découpés; ces pales saponaires; ces clochettes si transparentes et plissées comme de la mousseline; ces valérianes de pourpre; toutes ces sauvages filles de la solitude, si embaumées et si fraîches, que le chamois craint de les flétrir en les effleurant en sa course, et que l'eau des sources inconnue au chasseur les couche à peine sous son flux nonchalant et silencieux.

"Cette chambrette blanche et parfumée avait en vérité, et comme à son insu, un air des rendezvous; mais elle semblait aussi le sanctuaire d'un amour virginal et pur. Les bougies étaient une clarté timide; les fleurs semblaient fermer modestement leur sein à la lumière; aucun vêtement de femme, aucun vestige de coquetterie ne s' était oublié à traîner sur les meubles: seulement un bouquet de pensées flétries et un gant blanc déconsu gisaient côté à côté sur la cheminée. Lionel, poussé par un mouvement irrésistible, prit le gant et le froissa dans ses mains. C'était comme l'étreinte convulsive et froide d'un dernier adieu. Il prit le bouquet sans parfum, le contempla un instant, fit une allusion amère aux fleurs qui le composaient, et le rejeta brusquement loin de lui. Lavinia avait elle posé là ce bouquet avec le dessein qu'il fut commenté par son ancien amant?"

"Lucile," page 70.

"In the white curtains waver'd the delicate shade
Of the heaving acacias in which the breeze played.
Over the smooth wooden floor, polish'd dark as a glass,
Fragrant white Indian matting allow'd you to pass.
In light olive baskets, by window and door,
Some hung from the ceiling, some crowding the floor,
Rich wild flowers, plucked by Lucile from the hill,
Seem'd the room with their passionate presence to fill:
Blue aconite, hid in white roses, reposed;
The deep bella-donna its vermeil disclosed;
And the frail saponaria, and the tender blue-bell,
And the purple valerian—each child of the fell
And the solitude flourish'd, fed fair from the source
Of waters the huntsman scarce heeds in his course,
Where the chamois and lizard, with delicate hoof,
Pause or flit through the pinnacled silence aloof.

VI.

"This white little, fragrant apartment, 'tis true,
Seem'd unconsciously fashion'd for some rendezvous;
But you felt, by the sense of its beauty reposed,
'Twas the shrine of a life chaste and calm. Half unclosed
In the light slept the flowers: all was pure and at rest;
All peaceful, all modest, all seem'd self-possess'd,
And aware of the silence. No vestige nor trace
Of a young woman's coquetry troubled the place;
Not a scarf, not a shawl: on the mantel-piece merely
A nosegay of flowers, all wither'd or nearly.
And a little white glove that was torn at the wrist.
Impell'd by an impulse, too strong to resist,
Lord Alfred caught up, with a feverish grasp,
The torn glove, and flung it aside with a gasp;
It seem'd like the thrill of a final farewell.
He took up the nosegay, without bloom or smell,
And inaudibly, bitterly mutter'd, or sigh'd
Some rebuke to the flowers ere he laid it aside.
Had Lucile by design left the dead flowers there?
The torn glove? I know nothing. I cannot declare."

This is a tolerably close translation; and we would call particular attention to the description of

the wild flowers, the name of one appearing in "Lucile" in its original French as the "saponaire." Does Mr. Owen Meredith know what it is? We do not. The scene proceeds as follows:—

"Lavinia," p. 279.

"Lavinia entra tandis que Lionel était plongé dans cette contemplation; le bruit du torrent et de la brise empêche qu'il ne l'entendit. Elle resta plusieurs minutes debout derrière lui, occupée sans doute à se recueillir, et se demandant peut-être si c'était là l'homme qu'elle avait tant aimé; car, à cette heure d'émotion obligée et de situation prévue, Lavinia croyait pourtant faire un rêve. Elle se rappelait le temps où il lui aurait semblé impossible de revoir Sir Lionel sans tomber morte de colère et de douleur. Et maintenant elle était là, douce, calme, indifférente peut-être.

"Lionel se retourna machinalement et la vit. Il ne s'y attendait pas, un cri lui échappa; puis, honteux d'une telle inconvenance, confondu de ce qu'il éprouvait, il fit un violent effort pour addresser à Lady Lavinia un salut correct et irréprochable. Mais, malgré lui, un trouble imprévu, une agitation invincible, paralyssent son esprit ingénieux et frivole, cet esprit si docile, si complaisant, qui se tenait toujours prêt, suivant les lois de l'amabilité, à se jeter tout entier dans la circulation, et à passer, comme l'or, de main en main pour l'usage du premier venu. Cette fois, l'esprit rebelle se traitait et restait éperdu à contempler Lady Lavinia."

"Lucile," p. 71.

"Just then Lucile entered the room, undiscerned. By Lord Alfred, whose face to the window was turn'd In a strange reverie.

The time was, when Lucile,
In beholding that man, could not help but reveal
The rapture, the fear, which wrench'd out every nerve
In the heart of the girl from the woman's reserve.
And now—she gazed at him, calm, smiling—perchance
Indifferent.

VIII.

"Indifferently turning his glance,
Alfred Vagrave encounter'd that gaze unaware.
O'er a boddice snow-white stream'd his soft dusky hair;
A rose-bud half-blown in her hand; in her eyes
A half pensive smile.

A sharp cry of surprise
Escap'd from his lips: then embarrass'd and vex'd,
He saluted the Countess; and sought, much perplex'd,
For some trivial remark—the conventional phrases—
Irreproachable manners, appropriate praises.
But in spite of himself, some unknown agitation,
An invincible trouble, a strange palpitation,
Confused his ingenuous and frivolous wit;
Overtook and entangled and paralysed it.
That wit so complacent and docile, that over
Lightly came at the call of the lightest endeavour,
Ready col'd, and availably current as gold,
Which, secure of its value, so fluently roll'd
In free circulation from hand on to hand
For the usage of all, at a moment's command;
For once it rebelled, it was mute and unstrid'd,
And he looked at Lucile without speaking a word."

Scarcely a point in the French original is missed in the English translation, which, on the whole, is done with great skill and taste. We might perhaps take exception to "his ingenuous and frivolous wit," which is too literal a rendering of "son esprit ingénieux et frivole," and is doubtful English.

We continue without a break or the omission of a line:—

"Lavinia," p. 280.

"C'est qu'il ne s'attendait pas à la revoir si belle . . . Il l'avait laisse bien souffrante et bien altérée. Dans ce temps là les larmes avaient flétri ses jones, le chagrin avait amaigrí sa taille; elle avait l'œil éteint, la main sèche, une parure négligée. Elle s'enlaissait imprudemment alors, la pauvre Lavinia! sans songer que la douleur n'embellit que le cœur de la femme, et que la plupart des hommes nieraient volontiers l'existence de l'âme chez la femme, comme il fut fait en un certain concile de prélats Italiens.

Maintenant Lavinia était dans tout l'éclat de cette seconde beauté qui revient aux femmes quand elles n'ont pas reçu au cœur d'atteintes irréparables dans leur première jeunesse. C'était toujours une mince et pâle Portugaise, d'un reflet un peu bronzé, d'un profil un peu sévère; mais son regard et ses manières avaient pris toute l'aménité, toute la grâce caressante des Françaises. Sa peau brune était

velontée par l'effet d'une santé calme et raffermie ; son frêle corsage avait retrouvé la souplesse et la vivacité florissante de la jeunesse ; ses cheveux, qu'elle avait coupés jadis pour en faire un sacrifice à l'amour, se déployaient maintenant dans tout leur luxe en épaisses torsades sur son front lisse et uni ; sa toilette se composait d'une robe de mousseline de l'Inde et d'une touffe de bruyère blanche cueillie dans le ravin et mêlée à ses cheveux. Il n'est pas de plus gracieuse plante que la bruyère blanche ; on eût dit, à la voir balancer des délicates girandoles sur les cheveux noirs de Lavinia, des grappes de perles vivantes. Un goût exquis avait présidé à cette coiffure et à cette simple toilette, où l'ingénue coquetterie de la femme se révélait à force de se cacher."

"Lucile," p. 72.

"Perhaps what so troubled him was, that the face On whose features he gazed had no more than a trace Of the face his remembrance had imaged for years. Yes! the face he remembered was faded with tears : Grief had farnished the figure, and dimm'd the dark eyes. And starv'd the pale lips, too acquainted with sighs. And that tender, and gracious, and fond coquetterie Of a woman who knows her least ribbon to be Something dear to the lips so warmly caresses Every sacred detail of her exquisite dress, In the careless toilette of Lucile—that too sad To care aghast to her changeable beauty to add— Lord Alfred had never admired before ! Alas ! poor Lucile, in those weak days of yore, Had neglected herself, never heeding, nor thinking (While the blossom and bloom of her beauty were shrinking), That sorrow can beautify only the heart— Not the face—of a woman ; and can but impart Its endearment to one that hath suffer'd. In truth Grief hath beauty for grief; but gay youth loves gay youth.

x.

The woman that now met, unshrinking, his gaze, Seem'd to bask in the silent but sumptuous blaze Of that soft second summer, more ripe than the first, Which returns when the bud to the blossom hath burst In despite of the stormiest April. Lucile Had acquired that matchless unconscious appeal To the homage which none but a churl would withhold— That caressing and exquisite grace—never bold, Ever present—which just a few women possess. From a healthful repose, undisturb'd by the stress Of unquiet emotions, her soft cheek had drawn A freshness as pure as the twilight of dawn. Her figure, though slight, had revived everywhere The luxuriant proportions of youth ; and her hair— Once shorn as an offering to passionate love— Now floated or rested redundant above. Her airy pure forehead and throat; gather'd loose Under which by one violet knot, the profuse Milk-white folds of a cool modish garment reposed, Ripples faint by the breast they half hid, half disclosed. And her simple attire thus in all things reveal'd The fine art which so artfully all things conceal'd. Again :—

"Lavinia," page 281.

"Jamais Lionel n'avait vu Lavinia si séduisante. Il failait un instant se prosterner et lui demander pardon ; mais le sourire calme qu'il vit sur son visage lui rendit le degré d'amertume nécessaire pour supporter l' entrevue avec toutes les apparences de la dignité.

"A défaut de phrase convenable, il tira de son sein un paquet soigneusement cacheté, et le déposant sur la table, 'Madame,' lui dit il d'une voix assurée, 'vous voyez que j'ai obéi en esclave ; puis je croire qu'à compter de ce jour ma liberté me sera rendue ?' 'Il me semble,' lui répondit Lavinia, avec une expression de gaieté mélancolique 'que jusqu'ici votre liberté n'a pas été trop enchainée, Sir Lionel ! En vérité, seriez vous resté tout ce temps dans mes fers ? J'avoue que je ne m'en étais pas flattée.'

"Oh, Madame, au nom de ciel, ne raillons pas ! N'est ce pas un triste moment que celui-ci ?

"C'est une vieille tradition," répondit elle, 'un dénoûment convenu, une situation inévitable dans toutes les histoires de l'amour. Et si, lorsqu'on s'écrivit, on était pénétré de la nécessité future de s'arracher mutuellement ses lettres avec méfiance. . . . Mais on n'y songe point. A vingt ans, on écrit avec la profonde sécurité d'avoir échangé des serments éternels ; on sourit de pitié en songeant à ces vulgaires résultats de toutes les passions qui s'éteignent ; on a l'orgueil de croire que seul entre tous, on servira d'exception à cette grande loi de la fragilité humaine ! Noble erreur, heureuse fatuité, d'où naissent la grandeur et les illusions de la jeunesse ! n'est-ce pas, Lionel ?'

"Lucile," page 74.

xl.

"Lord Alfred, who never conceived that Lucile Could have looked so enchanting, felt tempted to kneel At her feet, and her pardon with passion implore ; But the calm smile that met him sufficed to restore The pride and the bitterness needed to meet The occasion with dignity due and discreet.

xii.

"Madam,"—thus he began with a voice re-assur'd, 'You see that your latest command has secured My immediate obedience—presuming I may Consider my freedom restor'd from this day.'

"I had thought," said Lucile, with a smile gay yet sad, 'That your freedom from me not a fetter was had. Indeed in my chains have you rested till now ? I had not so flatter'd myself, I avow.'

"For Heaven's sake, madam," Lord Alfred replied,

"Do not jest : has this moment no sadness ? he sigh'd. 'Tis an ancient tradition," she answered, 'a tale Often told—a position too sure to prevail In the end of all legends of love. If we wrote When we first love, foreseeing that hour yet remote Wherein of necessity each would recall From the other the poor foolish records of all Those emotions, whose pain, when recorded, seem'd bliss, Should we write as we wrote ? But one thinks not of this ! At twenty (who does not at twenty ?) we write Believing eternal the frail vows we plight ; And we smile with a confident pity, above The vulgar results of all poor human love : For we deem, with that vanity common to youth, Because what we feel in our bosoms, in truth, Is novel to us—that's novel to earth. And will prove the exception, in durance and worth, To the great law to which all on earth must incline. The error was noble, the vanity fine ! Shall we blame it because we survive it ? Ah, no ; 'Twas the youth of our youth, my lord, is it not so ?'

We have, perhaps, quoted enough already to prove our case, and we might be satisfied to refer our readers to the books themselves for further confirmation. We cannot transfer forty or fifty pages from "Lucile," and thirty from "Lavinia," to our columns, which would be necessary if we wished to exhibit all the parts of "Lucile" which are pilfered from George Sand, as shamefully as those we have already given. We have only space for a few more extracts.

The interview proceeds in both versions from the point where we broke off, in the same spirit and in identical language. Lord Alfred is shocked to hear Lucile "pronounce the death-warrant of all the illusions of life" ("prononcer l'arrêt de mort sur toutes les illusions du passé") :—

"Lucile," p. 76.

"He himself knew, none better, the things to be said Upon subjects like this. Yet he bowed down his head ; He had not the courage, he dared not decide. To aid that frail hand to the heart's suicide."

"Lavinia," p. 282.

"Il savait bien mieux que personne tout ce qui pouvait être dit en pareil cas, mais il n'avait pas le courage d'aider Lavinia à se suicider."

As he remains silent, she therefore proceeds to explain that she had not recalled their pledges of affection from motives of prudence, but because she

"From all that I hear,

Fear'd those letters might now (migh't they not ?) interfere With the peace of another."

"Je ne m'y serais jamais déterminée si le repos d'une autre femme n'était compromis par l'existence de ces papiers."

Again :—

"Lucile," p. 77.

"He look'd up and look'd long in the face of Lucile, To mark if that face by a sign would reveal At the thought of Miss Darcy the least jealous pain. He look'd keenly and long, yet he look'd there in vain— The face was calm, cheerful, reserved, and precise. 'Is this woman,' he thought, 'changed to diamond or ice ? You are generous, madam,' he murmur'd at last, And into his voice a light irony pass'd, 'If these be indeed the sole motives you feel.'

'What others but these could I have ?' said Lucile."

"Lavinia," p. 283.

Lionel regarda fixement Lavinia, attentif au moindre signe d'amertume ou de chagrin que la pensée de Margaret Ellis ferait naître en elle : mais il fut impossible de trouver la plus légère altération dans son regard ou dans sa voix. Lavinia semblait être invulnérable désormais.

"Cette femme s'est elle changée en diamant ou en glace ?" se demanda-t-il.

"Vous êtes généreuse," lui dit il avec un mélange de reconnaissance et d'ironie, "si c'est là votre unique motif."

"Quel autre pouvais—je avoir, Sir Lionel ?"

For two more pages of "Lucile" the literal translation of the conversation in "Lavinia" proceeds until Lord Alfred,

("Lucile," p. 79.)

"Thrill'd by the beauty of nature disclosed In the pathos of all he had witness'd, his head And his knee he bow'd humbly, and faltering said, 'Ah, Madam : I feel that I never till now Comprehended you—never ! I blush to avow That I have not deserved you.'

xviii.

"'No, no,' answered she, 'When you knew me, I was not what now I may be,' *etc., etc., etc.*, And raised with a passionate glance The hand of Lucile to his lips."

"Dominé par la beauté du caractère qui se révélait à lui, il courba la tête et plia le genou.

"Je ne vous avais jamais comprise, Madame, lui dit il d'une voix altérée ; je ne savais point ce que vous valez : j'étais indigné de vous et j'en rougis."

"Ne dites cela, Lionel, répondit-elle en lui tendant la main pour le relever. Quand vous m'avez connue, je n'étais pas ce que je suis aujourd'hui," &c., &c.

"Et dans son trouble il porta avec ardeur la main de Lavinia à ses lèvres." ("Lavinia," p. 284-285.)

In short, he forgets the lapse of time, and makes violent love to the lady ; but in the midst of their combat of wits, for the lady fences most adroitly with his attempted advances, a noise is heard at the door—it is Lucile's other admirer, the Duc de Luvois—in the original the Comte de Morangy—whom Lord Alfred had seen dancing with her at the ball, and who will not be denied admittance. Lord Alfred (Sir Lionel) slips out of the room into the garden, and witnesses, unobserved, the warmest part of the interview :—

("Lucile," p. 87.)

"THE DUKE.

Lucile !

THE COUNTESS.

I ask you to leave me—

THE DUKE.

You do not reject ?

THE COUNTESS.

I ask you to leave me the time to reflect.

THE DUKE.

You ask me ?

THE COUNTESS.

—The time to reflect.

THE DUKE.

Say—one word !

May I hope ?

What the Countess replied was not heard. By Lord Alfred ; for just then she rose and moved on. The Duke bowed his lips o'er her hand, and was gone.

xxv.

Not a sound save the birds in the bushes. And when Alfred Vargrave reeł'd forth to the sunlight again, He just saw the white robe of the Countess recede As she enter'd the house.

Scarcely conscious, indeed,

Of his steps, he too follow'd, and enter'd.

xxvi.

He enter'd. Unnoticed ; Lucile never stir'd, so concentrated, And wholly absorbed in her thoughts she appear'd. Her back to the window was turn'd. As he near'd. The sofa, her face from the glass was reflected, Her dark eyes were fixed on the ground. Pale, dejected, And lost in profound meditation she seem'd. Softly, silently, over her droop'd shoulders stream'd The afternoon sunlight. The cry of alarm And surprise which escaped her, as now on her arm Alfred Vargrave let fall a hand icily cold. And clammy as death, all too cruelly told How far he had been from her thoughts."

("Lavinia," p. 291.)

"Et elle lui tendit la main avec cordialité.

"Dieu de bonté ! elle accepte ! s'écria le comte en couvrant cette main de baisers.

"Non pas, monsieur, dit Lavinia ; je vous demande le temps de la réflexion."

"Hélas ! mais puis-je espérer ?

"Je ne sais pas ; mais comptez sur ma reconnaissance. Adieu. Retournez au bal ; je l'exige. J'y serai dans un instant."

"Le Comte baissa le bord de son écharpe avec passion et sortit. Aussitôt qu'il eut refermé la porte, Lionel écarta tout a fait le rideau, s'apprêtant à recevoir de Lady Blake l'autorisation de rentrer. Mais Lady Blake était assise sur le sofa, le dos tourné à la fenêtre. Lionel vit sa figure se refléter dans la glace placée vis-à-vis d'eux. Les yeux étaient fixés sur le parquet, son attitude morne et pensive. Plongée dans une profonde méditation, elle avait complètement oublié Lionel, et l'exclamation de surprise qui lui échappa lorsque celui-ci sauta au milieu de la chambre fut l'avenir ingénue de cette cruelle distraction."

When the Count leaves the house, Lord Alfred (Sir Lionel) in a whirlwind of jealousy, bursts into the room, reclaims his letters and picture, gives her packet to Lucile (Lavinia), and says a last farewell.

The next scene introduces us to a storm in a pass of the Pyrenees, where Lord Alfred (Sir Lionel), by the merest accident—a happy coincidence—meets Lucile (Lavinia) taking shelter under an overhanging rock ("Lucile," p. 94-105—"Lavinia," p. 294-300). Here he makes a proposal for her hand in the following terms:—

("Lucile," page 98.)

"Lucile!
I hear—I see nought but yourself, I can feel
Nothing here but your presence. My pride fights in vain
With the truth that leaps from me. We two meet again
'Neath yon terrible heaven that is watching above
To avenge: If I lie when I swear that I love—
And beneath yon terrible heaven, at your feet,
I humble my head and my heart. I entreat
Your pardon, Lucile, for the past—I implore
For the future your mercy,—implore it with more
Of passion than prayer ever breathed. By the power
Which invisibly touches us both in this hour,
By the rights I have o'er you, Lucile, I demand!—
'The rights!' said Lucile, and drew from her hand.
'Yes, the rights! for what greater to man may belong
Than the right to repair in the future the wrong
To the past?'

("Lavinia," page 298.)

"Je ne vois rien ici que vous, Lavinia," lui dit il avec force; "je n'entends de voix qu'à votre, je ne respire d'air que votre souffle, je n'ai d'émotion qu'à vous sentir près de moi. Savez vous bien que je vous aime éperdument? Oui, vous le savez; vous l'avez bien vu aujourd'hui, et peut-être vous l'avez voulu. Eh bien! triomphez s'il en est ainsi. Je suis à vos pieds, je vous demande le pardon et l'oubli du passé, le front dans la poussière; je vous demande l'avenir, oh, je vous le demande avec passion, et il faudra bien me l'accorder, Lavinia; car je vous veux fortement, et j'ai des droits sur vous. . . ."

"Des droits?" répondit-elle, en lui retirant sa main.

"N'est ce donc pas un droit, un affreux droit, que le mal que je t'ai fait, Lavinia?"

("Lucile," p. 105.)

XXIII.

"It was late when o'er Serchon at last they descended.
To her chalet, in silence, Lord Alfred attended
The Countess. At parting she whispered him low,
'You have made to me, Alfred, an offer, I know
All the worth of believe me, I cannot reply.
Without time for reflection. Good night! not good-bye.
'Alas! 'tis the very same 'answer' you made
To the Duc de Luvois but a day since,' he said.
'No, Alfred, the very same, no,' she replied.
Her voice shook. 'If you love me, obey me. Abide
My answer to-morrow.'

("Lavinia," p. 300.)

"La elle lui dit en baissant la voix: 'Lionel, vous m'avez fait des offres dont je sens tout le prix. Je n'y peux répondre sans y avoir mûrement réfléchi.'

"—O Dieu! c'est la même réponse qu'à M. de Morangy."

"Non, non, ce n'est pas la même chose," répondit elle d'une voix altérée. "Mais votre présence ici peut faire naître bien des bruits ridicules. Si vous m'aimez vraiment, Lionel, vous allez me jurer de m'obéir."

"—Je le jure par Dieu et par vous."

There are many pretty and striking descriptions, many brilliant thoughts and graceful *conceits*, scattered through the first part of "Lucile," which are certainly not taken from "Lavinia," and which

we have not been able to trace to any other source. And yet, besides the general feeling of uncertainty as to origin, with which we cannot help viewing every word of this poem, after ascertaining the foreign birth of the greater part of it, there is a strong French flavour in many of the raciest passages throughout the book, which to our judgment indicates that the metal comes from the same mine as the first. This is especially the case in the plot and situations of the second part, and above all in the scene where Matilda, Lord Alfred's bride, is saved from the Duc de Luvois by Lucile herself. We have been reminded frequently of Frederic Soulié and others of his school, but too vaguely for a decisive accusation.

We have discovered, for example, one long illustration, in the passage descriptive of "the two Don Juans" who pervade Europe ("Lucile," p. 26), to be taken, without the slightest acknowledgment, from Alfred de Musset's "Namouna;" and we feel, therefore, that without some positive declaration from Mr. Owen Meredith himself, no single line, no single idea, can be accepted as his own. Surely we may ask Mr. Owen Meredith to save us the trouble of a further search in Roland's shelves by making a clean breast of it. Perhaps, however, we have no right to expect this much candour from one who has been guilty of such an infamous imposture. At all events, we await with some curiosity the explanation which Mr. Owen Meredith may offer of this most extraordinary plagiarism. At present we cannot possibly imagine what line of defence this original poet will adopt, or what significance he intends us to attach to his ingenuous statement that he has "endeavoured to follow a path on which he could discover no footprints before him, either to guide or to warn." We are happy, indeed, to think that there are few footprints on the path of plagiarism which Mr. Owen Meredith has endeavoured to follow, and we trust that his example will warn off all other writers who might be inclined to bring similar discredit upon English literature by forging English poetry out of French fiction, and by passing off the mongrel result as the production of their own original genius. We see that Mr. Owen Meredith is preparing for publication a volume, to be called "The Songs of Servia." Will they prove to be a translation from Béranger?

POETRY.

Poems, Sacred and Secular. By the Rev. W. Crosswell, D.D. *Home Ballads.* By T.G. Whittier. (Boston: Ticknor and Fields; London: Sampson Low.) It appears to be very improbable that any of our critical firms should fail for lack of raw material to work upon, even though there were no home-growth and the transatlantic supply had to be depended upon. The Minerva who holds her *egis* over the American press is as energetic a goddess as ours. Volumes of very average merit, and of an average which is highly creditable to the publishers, are continually crossing from New York and Boston. Unfortunately, the supply is frequently of that kind with which our own markets are glutted. Small volumes of poetry especially dare the perils of the deep. But for the sake of cousinly love and free-trade we must give them a welcome. There is, indeed, but little internal evidence in Mr. Crosswell's volume that it was not written by a nearer relation. Only one passage has met our eyes, which evidently betokens the American; it is that in which a dinner which you feel yourself able to do justice to is styled "a hungry dine." The language is on the whole pure and elegant, though it appears that the President's English is not exactly the same as the Queen's.

For instance, "them" is used as the nominative case of the demonstrative pronoun, and the verb does not invariably follow that good old rule by which it is directed to agree in number with its noun substantive. Mr. Crosswell is of the church churchy; and if a well-turned poetical edition of a portion of her liturgy can promote the interests of the Anglican church, his memory certainly deserves well of that body both in England and America. As for his attempts at a metrical version of the Psalms, we do not think that the prophet David could be called upon to testify equal gratitude. The only authors to whom he has herein done good service are Tate and Brady, for he has shown that there is a lower depth than that to which they fell. Sternhold and Hopkins would point the finger of pity at the following rendering of the first verse:—

"Happy the man who never walks
Where impious men repair,
Nor lingers in the sinner's way,
Nor takes the scoffer's chair."

Some of his sonnets, however, are really very good. We would particularly recommend to any who may happen to meet with this most tastefully-printed little book, Nos. 20, 22, 25, and 34. His editor calls him the American Keble. Certainly climate could not have been said to have changed the man if Mr. Keble had written in the air of Boston, as Mr. Crosswell did,

"Nursed in her aisles, and truly taught
By her to live and die."

for the atmosphere of Bagley Wood only produced this slight variation,

"Early taught
With her to worship and for her to die,
Nursed in her aisles," &c.

The editor candidly admits that Mr. Crosswell had an unfortunate habit of confusing his memories with his imaginations, and undoubtedly this and several wholesale appropriations from Milton attest the fact. We would not be thought to say anything harsh of an evidently good man who has been dead for ten years, and who, moreover, was possessed of sufficient taste and poetical fancy to justify the publication of this volume. At any rate, we entertain a higher opinion of his writings than did himself, for in his natural modesty he tore up, as his biographer tells us, one of his best pieces, because it had been publicly praised more than he thought it deserved. A most commendable example! Would that all on this side of the ocean would approach even to their own standard of excellence before they brave public opinion. In the other volume which is before us there is much that is very good. Mr. Whittier has the same ability for pungent satire which has been shown lately by several other American poets, but he differs from all others in that he is tender even to his foes, never hits a man on the ground when he has once knocked him down. For instance, after vigorously assaulting Macaulay for his unwarranted attack on the character of Penn, he gently adds—

"For the sake of his true-hearted father before him;
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore him;
For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive him,
And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive him."

The Pope is not let off so easily. In an excellent satiric poem, entitled "From Perugia," he describes the celebration of that glorious victory in Rome, the "Te Deum," the reception by Pio Nono of the heroic General Schmidt:—

"Make way for the next! Here's another sweet son!
What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulets done?
He did, whispers rumour—it's truth, God forbid!—
At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem did.
And the mothers? Don't name them!—these humours
of war,
They who keep him in service must pardon him for."

As for Cardinal Antonelli, he comes still worse off, for he

"Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from thence,
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence!"

The following is, however, still more severe:—

"And now for the blessing! Of little account,
You know, is the old one they heard on the Mount.
His Giver was landless, His raiment was poor,
No jewelled thair; His fishermen wore;
No income, no lackeys, no riches, no home,
No Swiss guards!—We order things better at Rome."

Nous avons changé tout cela. Or, as another American poet says, "They didn't know everything down in Judee." But there is, notwithstanding

this apparent exception, a breadth of charity, a large-heartedness, in Mr. Whittier's poems, which would recommend them to us, even though they were not otherwise excellent. Our readers will understand our regret, not being able to afford sufficient space to deal with the book according to its merits, when we say that there are only one or two passages in Longfellow which give us such pleasure in the reading as that which the majority of Mr. Whittier's poems give. For tender grace, power of legendary narration, and melody of flow, he is unsurpassed in his own country. As we have exemplified only one side of his poetical character, we must, to prove our own words, set forth the other, and quote a few lines from the dedication of the book:—

"I call the old time back: I bring these lays
To thee, in memory of the summer days
When, by our native streams and forest rays

We dreamed them over; while the rivulets made
Songs of their own, and the great pine-trees laid
On warm noon-lights the masses of their shade.

And she was with us, living o'er again
Her life in ours, despite of years and pain,
The autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,
Glorified in the setting of the sun."

We may add that he is always a sunny poet, which in these days, when melancholy is esteemed by many both a privilege and a virtue, is no small merit in our eyes.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Foot and its Covering: Comprising a Full Translation of Dr. Camper's work on "The Best Form of Shoe." By James Dowie. (Robt. Hardwicke.) Mr. Dowie's talk is of leather. He descants wisely and pleasantly to the disciples of St. Crispin, and awakens the sympathies of his readers as he dilates on the miseries to which we are subjected by the bootmakers. Mr. Dowie is no quack doctor. With Lord Bacon, he holds that every man is a debtor to his profession; and from the year 1815, in which he was apprenticed to the business of a shoemaker, he has studied the anatomy of the foot, and endeavoured to place his trade on a scientific basis. He attended lectures on anatomy and physiology—he made sundry experiments—he visited Surgeons' Hall, and actually sent his six-and-twenty workmen there also. The result was satisfactory. The men, he tells us, began to study their feet, and "returned to their work with minds divested of former prejudices." Mr. Dowie advocates "the elastic principle" in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and has found an able supporter in Sir George Ballingall, professor of military surgery. The translation of Dr. Camper's treatise forms but a small portion of this volume, and serves as an introduction to Mr. Dowie's own remarks. They convince us that shoemakers in general are a very barbarous set of people, and that Mr. Dowie is doing good service to his country in endeavouring to instruct and civilise them. Mr. Helps remarks, in one of his essays, that the discomfort caused by injudicious dress would outweigh many an evil that sounded very big; and he goes on to say that perhaps our everyday-shaving, severe shirt-collars, and other ridiculous garments, are equivalent to a great European war once in seven years, and that we might find, if a perfect return could be made, "that women's stays did about as much harm, i.e., caused as much suffering, as an occasional pestilence—say, for instance, the cholera." So also it might be found that "fashionable toes," and the corns that crown them, inflict infinitely more torture in the present day than the ill-famed *Boot* itself when it was professionally applied by our forefathers. In commanding Mr. Dowie's volume to all whom it may concern, we include the whole population of these British isles, with the exception of the few who, like Ben Battle, stand upon another footing, and walk on timber toes.

The Busy Hives Around Us, &c. (James Hogg and Sons.) A man is often the least acquainted with those objects which lie nearest to him in his daily life. They are so near that they are observed listlessly, or passed by altogether unheeded.

Curiosity is a far rarer faculty than some people suppose. We are seldom curious unless our interest or our previous knowledge stimulate inquiry. In the present day, an unholy alliance has been formed between wisdom and Mammon. An intellectual acquisition must be realised in hard cash, science must be turned to immediate account, the paths of poetry must be smoothed over with guineas, and philosophy can only be sustained on its lofty eminence by a flourishing account at a banker's. Any one who loves learning for its own sake, will be constantly asked to test the value of his labour by a practical result, and reminded that it will be found wanting unless weighed in the balance of utilitarianism. This miserable creed cannot be denounced too strongly. So far as it is accepted, it prevents the healthy growth of a nation's literature, and impels the author to adopt a conventional form of expression, and to run in the popular groove. The writer of the pleasant little volume before us introduces his readers to scenes with which as Englishmen it might be supposed they were already familiar; and yet we venture to say that many well-informed men will peruse the account of the "Busy Hives Around Them," with all the pleasure arising from a sense of novelty. Each of the chapters will read like a familiar tale to a particular section of the community; all of them will give the neophyte a clear and graphic representation of several interesting branches of industry. The professional man who is utterly ignorant of business will not find it tedious to walk through a London warehouse, and the merchant will be amused as well as instructed by rambling over the office of the "Daily Telegraph" inspecting the premises of her Majesty's printers, or accompanying the author on his descent into the Arley Mine. We are not ashamed to confess that we have hived a fresh store of knowledge by the perusal of this unpretending volume, and as the information is conveyed in a very lively style, it bids fair, and deserves, to be popular. We cannot quite follow the author in his high-flown encomiums on the "Daily Telegraph" and other penny papers, and several of his statements on the subject are liable to question; but the idea of a cheap press has evidently fascinated the writer, and it would be hard to break the innocent spell by which he is bound.

Construction of the Great Victoria Bridge in Canada. By James Hedges, Engineer to Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts, Contractors. (John Weale, 1861.) This is a very handsome and elaborate volume, dedicated, as we are told, by permission, to the Prince of Wales, who, during his American tour last autumn, was present at the inauguration of the edifice described by Mr. Hedges. Our readers therefore can scarcely have failed to be familiar with the general outline of the bridge, thanks partly to the "special correspondents" of the daily papers, and partly to the Stereoscopic Company for the numerous views of Canadian scenes with which they have stocked the windows of the print-sellers' shops in our leading thoroughfares. Still, the details of the great work accomplished so successfully by Messrs. Peto and Co., by the co-operation and counsel of Robert Stephenson and many other leading engineers, are, we think, of sufficient interest to be placed upon more permanent record than in the columns of a newspaper, which is on our breakfast table one day and thrown aside and forgotten the next. We can scarcely call the great Victoria Bridge of Canada one of the wonders of the world, in spite of its enormous length and dimensions. Although nearly two miles in extent, from end to end, we believe that the widest span of any of its arches is little more than half of the span of the great iron tubular bridge across the Menai Straits; and, of course, if this be so, it is but a multiplication of the same work by the number of arches of which it consists, only upon a smaller scale. Hence, therefore, we decline to give to the projector of the Canadian bridge the credit of a work of original genius, such as we could not refuse to the Stephensons for their work nearer home. But though not wholly original in its main feature, in one striking though subordinate point it presents us with a novelty; for the trains run, not through the inside, but on the outer and upper ridge of the tubes which compose the bridge. This was a happy idea, and it has been well worked out.

The construction of this "Victoria" Bridge is an all important work when viewed in its relation to Canada and Canadian interests. Before the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, the river St. Lawrence formed the only means of communication between the inland and the lower provinces of that country, whether for business or pleasure; and that "silent highway" was so far from being permanent that for six months out of every twelve it was practically sealed up to the traveller by frost and ice. The railway itself first brought into close connection the British dependencies in North America all the year round; but it was left for this gigantic construction to bring them each and all into direct communication with the United States and the best ports of the Atlantic. Now that this book is before the public, we learn for the first time what were the practical difficulties and dangers under which the work—we mean of course the bridge, not the book—was carried out and accomplished; and of these the most remarkable were the obstacles which nature has thrown in the way in the shape of whole fields of ice, as formidable to railway contractors in their formation as in their breaking up. Great and noble as was the plan of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, still, to use the language of Mr. Hedges, "in itself it was an imperfect work. Confined to the north shore of the river St. Lawrence, it presented itself, within such limits, as a mere provincial line." As such, of course it would have been of immense value to the province (as indeed it proved in fact), but it could scarcely have commanded its external trade and intercourse. Inasmuch as from the head of Lake Superior down to the Atlantic ocean, a distance of more than 1500 miles, there was no bridge across the St. Lawrence, excepting at the Niagara gorge, it was obvious that the key to the province, even after the construction of the line, would fall into other hands if the railway were not made to span the river, and so afford the connecting link which was so much required between British North America and the United States. That work has now been successfully accomplished by English engineers and contractors, and not been left to fall into the hands of our transatlantic brethren. And we may well be proud of our countrymen for their share in the work. Allowing all credit to Robert Stephenson for the original idea, with which he grappled in a manner that evinced the highest genius, other men stepped in and took it up upon a different scale, and under different circumstances, and carried out the work with a perseverance and ability which could not well have been devoted to a better cause. They have deserved well of their country, and we may afford, without grudging, to add our meed of thanks to Mr. Hedges, for the share which he has had in making public the details of their labours.

Brief Sketches of the Parishes of Booterstown and Donnybrook. By the Rev. Beaver H. Blacker, A.M. (London: Bell and Daldy, 1861, Fleet Street; Dublin: George Herbert, Grafton Street.) In noticing the first part of the above work, we remarked that we opened it without an idea that it would interest us, and that we came to a different conclusion before we had done. Of course, we entered upon a perusal of the second part with a different expectation, and we were not disappointed. The author has added greatly to his store of information, and has introduced it in so popular a form, that we do not hesitate to recommend his cheap and modest volume to Irish tourists in the coming summer, as a useful topographical guide. They will find in it many things embalmed in a succinct form, which even "the oldest inhabitant" would make a bungle of, and many traits, habits, and incidents preserved, which will form a strong and strange contrast to those which they will meet with in the present day. For instance, during a short morning's walk from Dublin they will come upon a miserable sea-side village, with a dilapidated miniature harbour, now given up to trawlers and fishing boats. Yet this was the *point d'appui* which Oliver Cromwell selected, and here it was that he and his grim warriors debarked to "quiet" the turbulent Irish, and assert the power of England in their own summary way. Again, on another side the tourist will come upon "Donnybrook," an inland village, not so dilapidated as the former, and

here also he will discover traces of English power on Irish ground, since the charter by which the fair-famed, but now abolished, "Donnybrook Fair" was held, was originally granted by King John (1204), and the tolls and customs derivable from which were to go to help to build the castle and fortify the city of Dublin. The inquirer will also find an interesting history of "the Fitzwilliams of Merrion," now represented by Lord Herbert of Lea, whose estate embraces the whole of the parish of Booterstown and the greater part of that of Donnybrook, and who, by-the-way, is esteemed as one of the best landlords in Ireland—that is, as an Irishman would phrase it—"for an absentee." On the whole, Mr. Blacker deserves great praise, both for the value of his materials and the lucidity and clearness of his style. His book is an evidence of the truth of Wharton's *dictum*, that if clergymen would take the trouble to collect the topographical history of the parishes they are connected with, a great assistance would be given to antiquaries, and a vast deal of important material would be always ready to the hand of the general historian, the want of which he must deeply feel.

SECOND EDITIONS.

The Life of a Foxhound. By John Mills. Second Edition. (London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts, Paternoster Row. 1861.) Were we Mr. Baily—the editor of "Bell's Life," "Argus," "Sentinel," "Hotspur," or any other luminary of the sporting world—we might possibly be able to do justice to Mr. John Mills's production. Not having, however, the good fortune to be blessed with the *acumen* of any of the above-named *cognoscenti*, we fear that the "Life of a Foxhound"—albeit it has attained to the distinction of a second edition—will scarcely meet at our hands the full measure of approbation a more discriminating or enthusiastic critic might be disposed to award it. The late Christopher North, and Mr. Walter Savage Landor have tried their hands with more or less success at "imaginary conversations," but we have our doubts whether either of these eminent *literati* was possessed of sufficient imagination or audacity to fill upwards of two hundred and twenty pages octavo with the fictitious reminiscences of a couple of foxhounds. It must be confessed that "Trimbush" is an animal of ultra-canine sagacity, well "up" in the mysteries of "Bell" and the "Sporting Life," and pre-eminently endowed with a philosophic spirit of observation; and it is perhaps not too much to picture to ourselves a fine old Tory squire—debarred the delights of the chase by a sudden frost on the appearance of "them stinking violets"—like a dog hunting in dreams over Mr. Mills's pages, under the combined influences of a bright fire, pleasant retrospections, and 24s. port. Moreover, it cannot be denied that some of "Trimbush's" reminiscences embody sundry hints and suggestions calculated to be profitable to the aspiring young Nimrod, and on this ground might fairly be entitled, on their intrinsic merits, to a place of honour in the "Sporting Magazine"; but that Mr. Mills should have thought fit to exhibit his hunting experiences in the grotesque garb of the autobiography of a foxhound, or have considered them worthy of republication in their present form, is to us a matter of simple astonishment.

The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon. By Thomas Wright. 2d Edition. (Hall, Virtue, & Co.) Mr. Wright has avowed his desire to make archaeology a popular subject in this country, and "to call the attention of Englishmen more generally to the memorials of the past history" of the land. The fact that the present volume has now reached a second edition, seems to indicate that his desire has been at all events partially fulfilled. Various additions have been made, which were rendered necessary by recent antiquarian discoveries (amongst them that of Uri-cunum at Wroxeter), and a number of new illustrations have been inserted.

New Zealand, "The Britain of the South." By Charles Hursthouse. 2d Edition. (Edward Stanford.) No doubt the second edition of this volume has been called for in consequence of the Native War, and consequently the author has added a chapter on the various events, and on the general

character of that war of the Maori; and also some remarks on our future policy towards the natives. On the latter point, Mr. Hursthouse has very definite ideas, holding that, in the first place, the war with William King must be prosecuted until he sue for peace; and secondly, that there must be stationed in New Zealand such a military and naval force, backed by colonial militia and rifle rangers, as shall convince the Maori that we are the stronger power.

The Laird of Norlaw. This is the fifteenth volume of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's "Standard Library of Cheap Editions of Popular Modern Works"—a series which bids fair to contain some of the best of modern fictions.

PAMPHLETS.

The Thames Embankment and the Wharfholders. By R. A. Arnold, Surveyor and Land Agent. (London: Saunders and Otley, 50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square. 1861.) To all those who are either commercially or professionally interested in the proposed Thames Embankment scheme, and its corollary, the "compensation" question, this little pamphlet will be of incalculable service. Within the compass of some sixteen pages, Mr Arnold has contrived to compress a vast amount of valuable information. We have a complete history of the project, from the time when it was originally mooted down to the present day—a *résumé* of the principal plans submitted by the various eminent engineers who have devoted their attention to the subject—carefully-compiled epitome of the proceedings before the select committee appointed to consider the question, together with many original suggestions, the result of the writer's professional experience. It is clear, from the internal evidence of the pamphlet, that Mr. Arnold has bestowed no inconsiderable attention on this important question, in all its bearings, both practically and theoretically, and is therefore justly entitled to speak as an authority. The purification of the Thames has at length attracted the serious attention of the Legislature, and there seems every probability that in the course of the present session some decided steps will be taken in the matter.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Cornhill. The opening paper is a tremendous onslaught, by *Paterfamilias*, upon the unlucky Mr. Johnson, one of the Eton masters, who ventured to defend his school against the previous attacks of the correspondent of the "Cornhill Magazine." Already, since the publication of the "Cornhill," two letters have appeared in the "Times," one from *Paterfamilias*, the other from Mr. Johnson—letters of mutual refutation. We confess for our own part, that *Paterfamilias* seems a little too hard on the Etonian champion, and that a little less violent language would probably be more persuasive. "Framley Parsonage" is evidently drawing to its close, and "Philip" is as evidently drawing to a point where the interest of the story is to begin; as yet it has contained little which all Mr. Thackeray's readers and admirers were not thoroughly familiar with before. This third instalment is a decided improvement on that which preceded it in the February number. In the friendly contest between "Framley Parsonage" and "Lovel the Widower," there can be no doubt who came off victor. Let Mr. Thackeray beware lest a like result attend the rivalry between "Philip" and "Orley Farm." The paper on "Toilers and Spinners" is a pleasant but too brief account of one or two attempts that are now being made in the metropolis to ameliorate the position of certain classes of labouring women, such as needlewomen and shop girls, and of the printing press in Great Conduit Street, where the composition is entirely done by women, and of the office in Portugal Street, where a large amount of law-copying is also done by women.

"Fraser." Younger rivals have passed "Fraser" in the race of popularity, and it is no longer the magazine most eagerly demanded at the libraries, or the most carefully perused by the fireside; yet there is always much that is of sterling value to be

dug out of its fruitful pages. The present number is a little heavy, but in it appear articles of a more elaborate and philosophical character than are frequently met with in our current literature; such are, for instance, the first paper on "The Progress and Prospects of Astronomy"; "Dante, his Works and Wanderings," a long and deeply interesting article; and another chapter on the "Amaro." "A Few Words on Tours and Tourists" is an attempt at a livelier class of literature, but is feebly conceived, and spun out till it is threadbare; of a similar nature, but considerably more vivacious, is "A Mount on Shanks' Mare," which narrates a morning's race a-foot after the hounds, ending with one hardy pedestrian being in at the death, snatching the fox from the jaws of the hounds—a somewhat dangerous experiment, we should have thought, to be ventured upon by a stranger to them—and earning the brush; in it are also contained some good advice for those desirous of rivalling the feat herein chronicled—the race we mean, not the seizing the fox—and an enthusiastic vindication, not exactly of muscular Christianity, but at any rate of the muscle; there is also a long digression upon boots, which would gladden the soul of Mr. G. A. Sala, if he did not feel inclined to look upon it as bordering on a trespass on his own property. "Mrs. Piozzi" is, of course, a review of the entertaining autobiography of that lady recently published. "The Inquisition in England," by Shirley, is a chivalrous, but somewhat coarse attempt to vindicate Mr. W. B. D. Turnbull from the charges brought against him; but so immoderate is Shirley in his praise of the "Last of the Martyrs," that we cannot but suspect that he is in fact an enemy in disguise. If we are wrong in our surmise, Mr. Turnbull, with the patriarch of old, may well wish to be saved from his friends. As regards the passage in which the writer says that "no one has ventured to deny that Mr. Turnbull is an eminent and accomplished member of the craft" (of antiquaries), we were not aware on the contrary that any so rash assertion had yet been made as that he was in any way an eminent member of that body, and we should be glad to know on what published work of Mr. Turnbull's this somewhat strong opinion, now first met with by us from an avowed source, is founded. The poetry in "Fraser" is not of extraordinary merit. The two stories, "Ida Coway," and "Good for Nothing," are progressing, and with increasing interest.

"Blackwood." The second part of the remarks on "The Indian Civil Service: its Rise and Fall," is in the same strain as those which went before, and endeavours to convince us—a most difficult task in these days—that "there is great danger in throwing open the public service of India to the untrained energies, the undisciplined activities of the English community." It is always useful to have the popular opinion opposed in some quarter; frequent discussion and ventilation are after all the most likely means to convince the public of the soundness of the prevalent views on the subject of the Indian Civil Service. Three out of the eight articles are reviews, those—viz.: on "Capt. Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea," "Lee's History of the Church of Scotland," and "Sir Robert Wilson's Private Diary." There is also a third article on the great topic of the day, "Iron Clad Ships of War, and National Defences." The question of iron-cased ships seems to have taken the place of "Darwin on Species," and an article on it seems to be as inevitable in all the quarters and monthlies as was formerly one in the heterodox volume aforesaid. On the whole, "Blackwood" is dull this month. Though far from being in favour of flippancy magazine writing, we confess that Maga wants vivacity just now. Alas, the spirit of North has fled!

"The Dublin University." In the opening article of the "Dublin" for the current month we have a brief but good and compendious review of "Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander's Command of the Channel," Captain Cole's "Letter on Manning the Navy," and "Military Topics," by General Sir John Burgoyne. The writer lays especial stress on the national importance of maintaining an adequate naval armament for the protection of our coasts, and strongly repreahends the short-sighted policy of a certain section of our would-be financiers who, mis-

led by a spirit of false economy, propose to effect their end by any other means than the organisation of a permanent navy. The question of a maritime militia, the necessity of maintaining a well-trained naval reserve, and the construction of iron-plated vessels and floating batteries, are briefly but lucidly discussed. A well-drawn comparison between the naval resources of England and France winds up the paper, the writer concluding with the following apposite remarks—"Let us look also to our ships in armour, and see that we have at least as many, and of as efficient a quality, as those of our neighbour. But do not let the Channel fleet be put down at present. It is the sheet anchor of the nation. Nothing behoves to be more borne in the national mind than that a single great battle lost by England at sea would be sufficient to destroy her preponderance, and to throw her open to invasion." The only other article of importance in this month's "Dublin" is a criticism on Mr. Froude's "History of England." Although we cannot altogether subscribe to the conclusions therein advanced, it must on the whole be pronounced an able and interesting paper. "Bacon and his New Apologist," and the "Mammoth Cave of Kentucky," are somewhat hackneyed subjects, with little or no novelty of treatment to recommend them. The poetry is usually insipid and commonplace.

"Colburn" is scarcely up to its usual average this month. The interminable series of "Notes and Note-worthies," by Sir Nathaniel, is gradually becoming duller and drearier with every successive number, and might, we are of opinion, be advantageously discontinued. The paper on "The Mormons and the Country they Live in," has some amusing and interesting points, but, like many of the "New Monthly's" best articles, is spoiled by the unconscionable length to which it runs. The critique on Mr. Lyson's "History of Whittington and his Cat" is, however, free from this defect, and will well repay perusal. The first instalment of Mrs. Bushby's translation from the Danish, entitled "The Shipwrecked Mariner's Treasury," scarcely promises much. Besides, the vein of the literary mine has been overworked. The same may be said of the political article on Victor Emmanuel and Italy. It is hardly fair for the magazines to palm off on the reading public as original matter what is little more than a bare résumé of "our foreign correspondent's" information during the previous six weeks. Part III. of "Granville de Vigne" evinces a decided improvement on the former numbers. The interest is becoming more concentrated, and the colours laid on with a bolder hand. We must not, however, forget Mr. W. Charles Kent's "Stereoscopic Glimpses," which are conceived in the spirit of true poetry, and embodied in some strong and stirring lines, such as we rarely meet with in the present state of magazine versification.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Annette, or Ears to Hear, by author of "Gleanings from Gospel Story," 12mo., 2s. Knight, *Apel's* German Grammar (Key to), 12mo., 4s. Williams and Norgate.

Bohn's English Gent's Library, Walpole's Complete Correspondence, vol. I, 8vo., 9s.

Bohn's Scientific Library, Ure's Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain, 2 vols., vol. I, 5s.

Browne (Frances), My Share of the World, 3 vols., post 8vo., 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.

Bushnell (H.), Character of Jesus forbidding his possible classification with Men, 24mo., 1s. Nelson.

Close (F.), Eighty Sketches of Sermons, 4to., 5s. 6d. Hatchard.

Companion to the Writing Desk, 32mo., 1s. Hardwicke.

Contes Souvestre, edited with notes, by Jessopp, 2nd edition, 12mo., 3s. Nutt.

Contie (G.), Annals of Eminent Living Men, 12mo., 2s. 6d.

Dampier (W. J.), Remarks on the Occasional Services of the Church of England, 12mo., 5s. Bell.

Dulcken (A.), Scenes from the Pickwick Papers, folio, 10s. 6d. Bickers.

Elegant Arts for Ladies, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Ward and Lock.

Evans (W.), Blood of the Aristocracy, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Houston.

First Class Library, vol. II, Yates (E.), After Office Hours, 12mo., 2s. Kent.

Foster (A. F.), History of England for Schools and Families, post 8vo., 6s. Chapman and Hall.

Galloway (R.), Manual of Qualitative Analysis, 3rd edition, post 8vo., 5s. Churchill.

Guicciardini (A. De), La France, Rome, et l'Italie, royal 8vo., 2s. 6d. Jeffs.

Guy (W.), Principles of Forensic Medicine, 2nd edition, 12mo., 10s. 6d. Renshaw.

Hardwick's Shilling Peaseage, 1861, 32mo., 1s.

Heaton (C. W.), The Threshold of Chemistry, post 8vo., 4s. Chapman and Hall.

Holmes (O. W.), Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny, 12mo., 6s. Macmillan.

Irme (W.), Short Latin Syntax, with Exercises and Vocabulary, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Williams and Norgate.

James (J. A.), Works edited by his Son, vol. vii, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Hamilton.

Jolly (S.), Harmony of Education, 2nd edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Simpkin.

Jolly (S.), Thoughts of Vocation and Progression of the Trader, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Simpkin.

Jones (J.), Hints in Preaching for the Use of Younger Clergy, 12mo., 2s. Hatchard.

King (Rev. F.) Little Robert, or the Lost Jewel, 18mo., 9d. Knight.

Laird of Norlaw, by author of "Adam Graeme," post 8vo., 5s. Hunt and Blackett.

Lyle's Problems, 2nd edition, 12mo., 5s. Bell.

Little Crumbs for Little Children, 12mo., 1s. Darton.

Lytton (E. B.), Disown, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Routledge.

Lytton (E. B.), Works, library edition, Lella and Calderon the Courier, 12mo., 5s. Blackwood.

Macgregor (J.), Text Book for Youth, 18mo., 1s. Hamilton.

Measor (C. J.), Letter to Sir G. C. Lewis on Convict Service, 8vo., 1s. Hardwicke.

New Dictionary of Quotations, new edition, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. J. F. Shaw.

Our New Rector, or the Village of Norton, by Cuthbert Bede, post 8vo., 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.

Parlour Library Romance of Common Life, 12mo., 2s. C. H. Clarke.

Pleasant Pages for Young People, vol. II, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Houlston.

Pritchard (T.), Handy Book for Executors and Administrators, post 8vo., 2s. Amer.

Punch Reissue, vol. I, 4to., 5s. 6d. Routledge.

Railway Library, Gore (Mrs.), Debutante, 12mo., 2s. Routledge.

Roscoe's Law of Evidence, Nisi Prins, 10th edition, edited by Smirke, 8vo., 31s. 6d. Stevens.

Scott (Sir W.), Poetical Works, new edition, vols. III. and IV., 12mo., 3s. each.

Scott (Lieut.-Col.), Dictionary for Militia and Volunteer Services, oblong, 3s. W. H. Allen.

Three Hundred and Sixty Songs and Ballads, Music and Words, 4to., 4s. Sheard.

Tulloch (J.), English Puritanism and its Leaders, post 8vo., 6d. Blackwood.

White (Rev. J.), History of England, second edition, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Routledge.

Wieland (C. M.), Republic of Fools, translated by Rev. H. Christmas, two vols., post 8vo., 16s. W. H. Allen.

SCIENCE.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

February 21—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.

The Rev. Henry J. B. Nicholson, D.D., F.S.A., Sebastian Evans, Esq., M.A., Samuel Birch, Esq., F.S.A., and Aug. W. Franks, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., were elected members of the Society.

The Hon. Leicester Warren read a short account of a "Jetton of Perkin Warbeck," being a translation of an interesting notice by M. Adrien de Longperier, in the "Revue Numismatique" tom. vi, p. 384, and giving a short historical sketch of this semi-mythical personage.

Mr. Madden read a short paper "On an Unpublished Variety of a Coin of Ethelstan I, King of East Anglia, A.D. 825-852," quoting the latest authorities for the attribution of this coin to the above-named monarch, in preference to Guthrum, a Dane, who, on being converted to Christianity, was baptised in 878 by the name of Ethelstan.

Communications were read from Mr. Mickley, of Philadelphia, relative to a coin of John of Brittany, and from Mr. Franks, M.A., Dr. S.A., relative to a find of coins of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I, at Idsworth, near Horndean, Hants.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Wednesday, February 20—J. G. Teed, Esq., Q.C., in the chair.

George Cutler, Esq., was duly elected a member. Sir Henry Rawlinson read a paper "On Illustrations of Egyptian History and Chronology, from the Cuneiform Inscriptions," in which he laid before the society several new and important modifications of Egyptian history from the hitherto solitary evidence of the Egyptian monumental records. It has been, up to the present time, accepted, on the faith of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, that the Egyptians, at the height of their greatness, extended their arms over all Western Asia, and conquered Nineveh and Babylon. On the other hand, Sir

H. Rawlinson showed that this was an error, which had been, in great degree, fostered by a misapplication of many common geographical names; that, for instance, Maharan did not mean, as Egyptologists had held, Mesopotamia, but the district extending from the Taurus to the Cilician Gates—that Sinker is not, as generally supposed, Singara, (a name of comparatively modern origin), but the Sanjar of the inscriptions; and that Nuni is not Nineveh, but a place on the upper range of the Taurus, the real Nineveh not having been built till after the twelfth century B.C., and Assur (now Katch-Shergat) having been the real primal capital. He further showed that there was no ground for supposing that the Egyptian hosts had ever reached Nineveh, the Egyptians being essentially an unwarlike race, though (as suggested by a story in *Macrobius*) there may have been easily some connection between the tribes living on the Nile and the Euphrates. Sir H. Rawlinson pointed out, in addition, that the discovery of an Egyptian lion at Baghdad, and the occurrence of ivory ornaments at Nineveh, showing traces of Egyptian art, afforded no satisfactory evidence of an Egyptian conquest; above all, that the name Musur, which Egyptologists have assumed to be the same as Misr, or Egypt, is really that of a place in the Carduchian mountains, to the N.E. of Asyrya, mentioned in the annals of Tiglath-Pileser, and of Sardanapalus. On the contrary, Sir H. Rawlinson demonstrated that, while there was no proof of this presumed conquest of Assyria by the Egyptians, the overthrow of Egypt by the Assyrians was perfectly certain. Thus, on the Black Obelisk (contemporary with Jehu) many of the animals sent as tribute are unquestionably inhabitants of the valley of the Nile, which alone would indicate a partial subjection of the Egyptian people by the Assyrians; while, on the later inscriptions, the conquest is told with details of individual names, about which there can be no reasonable doubt. The first clear account of a conflict between the Egyptians and Assyrians occurs in the reign of Sargon (a.c. 721-702), who, as we know from the Bible, was the king who carried away the Jews from Samaria. On this occasion the annals record that the Egyptians were completely defeated by the Assyrians, probably in Palestine. Six years later, in a.c. 715, Sargon made a descent into Egypt and advanced far into the peninsula; he is especially stated to have had a battle with the Arab tribes on its frontier, and to have removed several of them to Samaria, a statement which explains the subsequent dealings of Sennacherib with Necho. Under his son, Sennacherib, we have a still fuller narrative of the conquest of Egypt, from which we gather that this ruler made two expeditions into Palestine, in both of which he came into contact with the Egyptians; and that, fourteen years after Sargon's invasion, Egypt was governed by a series of petty rulers, doubtless set up by the Assyrians. Under Esarhaddon, who succeeded Sennacherib in a.c. 680, we have still fuller details of the state of Egypt, from which it appears that the kings noticed by Manetho at this period were little more than viceroys. Lastly, under Esarhaddon's successor, Ashurbanipal, we have many new and important facts in relation to Egypt. We learn that the Assyrians made Memphis their capital, while a list of twenty petty Egyptian princes is given, the names of many of whom have been identified by Mr. Stenart Poole as of genuine Egyptian origin and character. It may be added, that there has been greater difficulty in re-constructing the geographical names.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

February 13—Dr. John Lee, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair.

James Murton, Esq., of Silverdale, George Robert Stephenson, Esq., of Gloucester Square, George Faith, Esq., of Upper Tulse Hill, and Matthew Harpley, Esq., Royal Horse Guards (Blue), were elected associates.

Mr. Bayson exhibited two ancient British coins in red gold found in Essex. They belong to the first century of the Christian era, one weighing 86 grs., and the other 87 grs. On the former, we read *DVNNOVANAY*, the remainder being off the field. It is referred to *Dubnovellanus*. The reverse of the coin presents *suns* and *crescents*,

emblems of Beli and Keridwen. The latter coin reads **ADDE** (Addedomarus), a prince concerning whom history is silent, but the name occurs at a remote period in the Triads, under the form of **Edd-mawr**, or **Edd** the Great.

Mr. Edward Roberts exhibited a group of two figures sculptured in white marble, fifteen inches high, representing a female clasping her hands in agony, whilst Death clutches her with his right hand, and with the left is warding off a serpent which twines round his arm. Other serpents are about this figure, which altogether bears a resemblance to one of the representations of the "Dance of Death."

Mr. Holloway sent the bottom of a large bottle dug up at Silchester, eight feet below the surface, along with some Roman relics, near to the site of the amphitheatre. The bottle is of the sixteenth century, and of Dutch manufacture.

Mr. Jennings, of Southampton, exhibited three fragments of Roman glass also found at Silchester. One was a portion of a bead of a blue colour, another an emerald green, and a third white. Mr. Cramer, of the Isle of Wight, sent for exhibition some fine specimens of glass dug up at Rome. They had been made to form ornaments. The Rev. E. Kell produced further specimens of glass, procured from the factory discovered at Brige. They were of the same character and time as those previously exhibited.

Mr. Charles Faulkener exhibited the lower portion of an olla, forming a colander or drainer, of gray Upchurch pottery, discovered near King's Sutton, Northamptonshire. Mr. Faulkener also exhibited an iron chopper found at Astrop, measuring nine inches, and an iron knife or spatula, six and a half inches in length, found with a Roman denarius of Vespasian.

Mr. George Wentworth exhibited a variety of MSS. and ancient and printed papers, from his collection at Woolley Park, Wakefield, among which may be specified a charter of Henry III. (1268), granting free warren in his demesne to Geoffrey Notton, at Notton, Silkestone, &c.; an inquisition *post mortem* of William Heron, who held the manor of Notton, 25th Edward I. (1297); an *inquire post mort.* of John Dacre, 21st Edward III. (1347-8); a copy of engagement and resolution of the principal gentlemen of the county of Salop, for raising forces for the defence of his Majesty, and signed by numerous knights, clergy, and other inhabitants of Shropshire; a contemporary translation of a state paper "presented to his Majestie" by the governor of the Spanish Netherlands, 1689; a quarto MS. of the sixteenth century, containing a rhyming poem entitled "Versus Beati Sancti Bernardi di Instabili Felicitate hujus Mundi"; a longer poem, entitled "Visio Lamentabilis devoti cuiusdam Heremiti super lugubracionem Anime contra suum Corpus," a sort of religious drama in curious rhyming verses, in Latin and English intermixed.

The Chairman announced that a joint meeting of the Association and the Ethnological Society, to discuss the question relating to the discovery of Flint Implements in drift, would be held on the 19th, at the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, and that the congress of the Association would this year be held at Exeter in the month of August.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A very crowded meeting of this society was held on Monday evening—Sir R. I. Murchison, Vice-President, in the chair.

Among those present were the Count de Paris; the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.; the American Minister and the American Consul-General; the Austrian Minister; Professor Owen; the Marquis of Sligo; Generals Portlock, Fox, Moore, and Rumley; the Earl of Shaftesbury; Sir Thomas Fremantle; Admiral Sir G. Back; the Right Hon. H. U. Addington; Sir H. Holland; Sir W. G. Armstrong; Lord Strangford; Colonels Sykes, Everest, Sotheby, Cooper, Ainslie, Shaffner of the U.S., Lane Fox, and Fratt; Captains Sir F. Nicolson, R. Collinson, W. H. Hall, Stopford, Sir L. M. Clintock, Tindal, Sherard Osborn, Forbes, C. G. Robinson, and Halsted, R.N.; W. H. Walker, Samuel Hyde, W. P. Snow, and D. J. Herd; Mr. Layard, M.P.; Mr. Mackinnon, M.P.; Mr. Russell, M.P.; Mr. Grant Duff, M.P.; Mr. Ewart, M.P.;

Consuls Petherick and Cameron; Drs. Lee, Rae, Beke, Hodgkin, White, Bright, Bigsby, and Shea; Sir John Login; Sir Stuart Donaldson; Messrs. Crawfurd, Brooking, C. White, Lockhart, F. Buckland, Tuckett, Oliphant, Hamilton, Christy, Bidulph, Osborne Smith, Barrow, Dunlop, J. Murray, Calvert, Q.C., Forsyth, Q.C., Swanzy, Vaux, &c., &c.

Captain C. D. Cameron, Edmund Gabriel, N. Gould, Bosville James, and Julius Reuter, Esquires, were presented upon their election.

Captain H. B. Carter; Lord Colville; Commander C. Golding Constable, L.N.; Dr. Thomson, President of Queen's College, Oxford; and W. Blackney; C. C. Bowen; W. C. Knight Clowes; R. Kerr Dick, B.C.S.; A. Giliat; H. Hardinge, M.D.; T. Hawksley, C.E.; A. Steinmetz Kennard; L. Mackinnon; W. Napier; A. Adams Reilly; E. Wynn Roberts; E. Schenley; J. Sidney Smith; A. J. R. Stewart, and E. Webster, Esquires, were elected fellows.

Commanders P. H. Dyke and H. E. Gunnell, R.N.; Major W. Ross King; Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay, M.D.; Rev. E. J. Moon; the Hon. Roden Noel; Sir Henry Stacey, M.P.; Major Alexander Strange; Rev. W. H. Walker; and John Anderson; Robert Armstrong, late Chief Magistrate of Sierra Leone; Henry Baillie; William Brodie; Peter Morrison; Samuel Ingall; T. G. Knox; George Lorimer; W. Robert McConnell; Pliny Miles; and John Edward Woods, were proposed as candidates for election at the ensuing meeting.

Among the accessions to the library and map rooms since the former meeting were Mackay's "Manual of Modern Geography;" "Transactions of the Royal Society of Tasmania;" Landsberg's "Map of Queensland, Australia;" "Continuation of Ordnance Survey Maps," &c., &c.

The Chairman announced that Consul Petherick would shortly leave for Khartum to proceed up the White Nile, and that the subscriptions in aid of this expedition already exceeded £1,100.

The paper read was, "Travels in the (Gorilla) Region of Western Equatorial Africa," by M. P. B. du Chaillu. In addition to several specimens of the gorilla, the subject was amply illustrated by diagrams of Africa, indicating the country traversed by M. du Chaillu—by drawings of the abodes and habitats of these animals, as well as by illustrations showing the anatomy of the gorilla compared with that of man, and by the warlike and other implements in use among the natives of these regions. The explorations of M. du Chaillu comprise 2 deg. north and 2 deg. south of the Equator, and extend about 400 miles into the interior. Starting from the mouth of the Gaboon River, M. du Chaillu, in the space of three years, made five separate expeditions into the interior, until his progress was arrested by the Sierra del Crystal mountains, which seem to be the continuation of the great chain of the mountains of Kong, which come down through Guinea. The river system of these regions was examined, and were well adapted, in the author's opinion, for commercial purposes, were it not for their unhealthiness. There are in the country no beasts of burden; the region, after leaving the coast, is one, not of prairie and plain, but of unbroken forest, inhabited by hostile tribes of Africans who had never seen a white man, waging frequent wars, and whose institutions are slavery, witchcraft, and cannibalism; and though it is filled with all the beauty and sublimity of tropical vegetation and scenery, the country is disputed with its savage inhabitants by ferocious beasts, venomous reptiles, and insects. The author found that the farther he went from the coast the higher the moral and intellectual condition of the natives became. In their rude manufactures they are more ingenious than the coast tribes. Their cloth, made of grass, is of a fine texture—their pottery of excellent form and material. Their knives and spears are made of iron. After referring to the chimpanzee and other of the monkey tribes, M. du Chaillu proceeded to describe the characteristics, habits, and haunts of the *Troglodytes Gorilla*. He had met with many, and had shot twenty of these animals. Among the males the hair is shorter than in the females. The muscular appearance of the arms and size of the fingers indicate prodigious strength, and he has seen a tree three or four inches in diameter broken by them: their arms are much longer in proportion than their legs, but the bones of the latter are much stronger and thicker, and the

capacity of the chest shows the immense power of the animal. The intensely exaggerated features of the face, its large and deep eye-balls, give to it, especially the male, an expression of the most savage ferocity. He had met with the gorilla along the waters of the Muni River, as far as the Sierra del Crystal mountains. It is found on the head-waters of the Gaboon, and in the interior between the Gaboon and Cape Lopez. A number of other interesting details with regard to the physical and geographical features and productions of the country explored by him, as well as with reference to the inhabitants and animals met with, were given by the author.

After some remarks from the Chairman and Mr. Galton,

Professor Owen said that natural history had never received a more remarkable acquisition than had been imparted that evening. Hitherto we had only obtained a few raw materials of this great gorilla; but now, for the first time, the naturalist had heard from one who had seen the gorilla in its native country some authentic account of its power and its habits. In natural history, as we went on comparing form with form, we soon became impressed with the idea of a connected scale, and the interest increased as we ascended; but when we came so near to ourselves as we did in the comparison of this tailless anthropoid ape, the interest became perfectly exciting. Attention was next called to a diagram showing the skeleton structure of the gorilla, as compared with that of man; and Professor Owen pointed out how much closer the approximations were in this creature to the human frame than in the chimpanzee and the orang; but the difference in the brain was very striking. In the gorilla the development was allied to that of the brute creation, and, limited as the creature was to localities, he supposed in course of time it would become extinct. He concluded by advertizing to the progress made in the study of natural history during the last twenty or thirty years, and to the numerous accessions which had been made in this particular branch, and concluded by expressing the hope that government would provide a suitable building for the classification and exhibition of objects in comparative zoology.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone wished that it were in his power more frequently to appear in the character of a pupil. He thought that it was no presumption to say that they had heard that night one of the most modest, talented, and enterprising of modern travellers; and the rich and rare discoveries which he had communicated had been developed and applied to many of the highest and most important points of knowledge by a man of the most brilliant genius that in this or any other period has applied himself to the study.

The Chairman then adjourned the meeting to the 11th of March, when a paper on Japan, by Mr. Pemberton Hodgson, H. M.'s Consul at Hakodadi, would be read.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1861—John Gould, Esq., V.P., in the chair.

Dr. Crisp made some observations on certain points relating to the anatomy of the British Freshwater and Oceanic Ducks; also on the structural differences between the hare and the rabbit, with particular reference to the animals called Leporidae, supposed to be hybrids between these two species.

Dr. A. Gunther read some notes on the anatomy of a large example of a species of Lizard (*Regina ocellata*), which had recently died in the Society's Menagerie.

Dr. Slater read a paper on the reproduction of the Red River Hog (*Potamochoerus porcatus*) in the Society's Menagerie.

Mr. R. F. Tomes communicated a list of a collection of Mammals made by the late Mr. Osburn in Jamaica, among which was a new species of Bat, proposed to be called *Chilonycteris Osburni*.

Dr. Slater gave a notice of the birds collected by the late Mr. W. Osburn in Jamaica. This series contained four specimens which appeared to belong to a new genus and species of *Fireonidae*, and for which the name *Laetes Osburni* was proposed, and several other interesting birds.

Mr. Gould pointed out the characters of a new Parrot from Western Australia, referring it for the

present to the genus *Pezoporos* with the specific name *occidentalis*, but suggesting that it would ultimately require generic separation from that type.

ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

February 20, 1861.—L. Horner, Esq., President in the Chair.

J. Frederick Davis, Esq., Walker Iron-works, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; John Frederick Collingwood, Esq., 13, Old Jewry Chambers; Joseph Milligan, Esq., F.L.S., Hobart Town, Tasmania; Henry Porter, M.D., Fellow of Queen's Coll., Birmingham; Peterborough; and Richard Charles Oldfield, Esq., Bengal Civil Service, Farley Hill, Reading, were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read:—I. "On the Coincidence between Stratification and Foliation in the Crystalline Rocks of the Highlands." By Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S., and A. Geikie, Esq., F.G.S. Allusion was, in the first place, made to the early opinions of Hutton and Macculloch, who regarded the gneissic and schistose rocks of the Highlands as stratified. Mr. Darwin's views of the nature of the "foliation" of gneiss and schist were then referred to; and it was insisted that this condition was not to be found in the rocks of the Highlands; the so-called "foliation" which the late Mr. D. Sharpe had described in 1846 as characterising the crystalline rocks of that country being, according to the authors, really mineralised stratification. It was then pointed out that, as Professor Sedgwick had previously insisted on the wide difference between "foliated" or "schistose" and "cleaved" or "slaty" rocks, and as Professor Ramsay had in 1840 recognised inter-laminated quartz as being parallel to stratification in the isle of Arran, "foliation" should be regarded as coincident with stratification, and not with cleavage, in the Scottish Highlands. After some observations on the occurrence of cleavage in slates at Dunkeld, Easdale, Ballachulish, and near the Spittal of Glenshee, the authors stated their belief that all the "foliation" of the crystalline rocks of the Highlands is nothing more than a lamination due to the sedimentary origin of deposits, in which the sand, clay, lime, mica, &c., have subsequently been more or less altered, and that the "arches of foliation" described by Mr. D. Sharpe (Phil. Trans., 1852) correspond in a general way with the parallel anticlinal axes shown by the authors in a former paper to exist in the Highlands. They remarked that the synclinal troughs, however, are not expressed in Mr. Sharpe's figures, and that he has omitted the bands of limestone, which they refer to as an important evidence of the stratification of the district. They also pointed to the acknowledged difficulty which the quartzites presented to Mr. Sharpe, but which readily fall into the system of undulated strata that they have described. One of the quartzites having yielded an Orthoceratite, and pebbles being present in one of the schists of Ben Lomond, these facts were adduced as further evidences of the real stratigraphic condition of the schists and quartzites of the Highlands.

2. "On the Rocks of Portions of the Highlands of Scotland, South of the Caledonian Canal, and on their equivalents in the North of Ireland." By Professor R. Harkness, F.R.S., F.G.S. The author, having had an opportunity of examining the geology of the North-west of Scotland in the year 1859, and more especially the arrangement of rocks described by Sir R. Murchison as "fundamental gneiss, Cambrian grits, lower quartz-rock, limestones, upper quartz-rock, and overlying gneissose flags," applied the results of his observations during last summer to portions of the Highlands lying south of the Caledonian Canal, and to the north of Ireland. Developed over a large portion of these districts are masses or gneissose rock, of varying mineral nature, and sometimes putting on the aspect of a simple flaggy rock. Where these gneissose masses come in contact with plutonic masses, they exhibit that highly crystalline aspect which induced Macculloch and others of the Scotch geologists to regard them as occupying an extremely low position among the sedimentary series, and to apply to them the Wernerian term "primitive." Many of Macculloch's descriptions, however, show that this assumed low position is not the true place of this gneiss among the sedimentary

rocks which make up the Highlands of Scotland. In a section from the southern flank of the Grampians to Loch Earn (and in other sections, from Loch Earn to Loch Tay, from Dunkeld to Blair Athol, in the Ben-y-Gloé Mountains, in Glenshee, &c.), there is seen a sequence which indicates that this gneiss is the highest portion of the series of rocks, with underlying quartz-rock and limestone. In the county of Donegal, Ireland, a like sequence is seen. A section from Inishowen Head to Malin Head, along the east side of Lough Foyle, presents us with gneissose rocks above limestone and quartz-rocks, exactly as in Scotland. In no portion of Scotland south of the Caledonian Canal, nor in the north of Ireland, did the author recognise any trace of the "fundamental gneiss."

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

February 21.—Warren de la Rue, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.

Dr. Murray Thomson, and Messrs. W. Weston and J. Napier, were elected Fellows.

The following papers were read:—"On the Action of Dilute Nitric Acid upon some Hydrocarbons of the Benzol Series," by Messrs. W. de la Rue and H. Müller; "On the Putrefaction of Bile, and on the Formation of Gall Stones," by Dr. Thudichum. The author showed that ox-gall stones and the nuclei of human gall stones consisted of products which are formed during the putrefaction of bile out of the body. "On the Bisulphide of Iodine," by Dr. Guthrie; and "On the Formation of Ground Ice," by Mr. R. Adie. He considered the position of ground ice to be of lodgment merely. Dr. Frankland argued that ground ice was formed at the spots on which it was found; that in rapid shallow streams the temperature throughout, from top to bottom, was rendered uniform by intermingling, and that the presence of irregularities at the bottom determined the formation of ice crystals there rather than at the surface.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON., MARCH 4.—*Royal Academy of Arts*, 8.—Lecture on "Sculpture," by R. Westmacott, Esq., R.A.

TUES., MARCH 5.—*Institution of Civil Engineers*, 8.—"Description of a Pier erected at Southport, Lancashire," by Henry Hooper, Assoc. Inst. C.E.; and "On the Construction of Floating Beacons," by B. B. Stoney, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS, 8.—*Ethnological Society*, 8½.—"On the Collection of Human Crania, and other Human Bones, at present preserved in a Church at Hythe, in Kent," by R. Knox, M.D.; on "The Miao-tze, or Aborigines of China," by J. G. Lockhart, F.R.C.S.

Geological Society, 8.—"On the Succession of Beds in the Hastings Sands," by F. Drew, Esq., F.G.S.; on "The Permian Rocks and Fossils of South Yorkshire," by J. Kirby, Esq. Communicated by T. Davidson, Esq., F.G.S.

Obstetrical Society, 8.

THURS., MAR. 7.—*Linnean Society*, 8.—"On the Natural Orders *Menispermacae*, *Bizaceae*, and *Tiliaceae*," by G. Bentham, Esq.

Society of Arts, 8.—"On the Textile Manufactures of Great Britain," by Mr. Alexander Redgrave.

Chemical Society, 8.—"On New Minerals from Chili," by Professor Field.

Royal Society, 8½.

Society of Antiquaries, 8.

FRI., MARCH 8.—*Royal Astronomical Society*, 8.

SATUR., MAR. 9.—*Royal Asiatic Society*, 8.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Tuesday, March 5, Three o'clock.—Professor Owen, on "Fishes."

Thursday, March 7, Three o'clock.—Professor Tyn dall, on "Electricity."

Friday, March 8, Eight o'clock.—Dr. E. Frankland, on "Some Phenomena attending Combustion in Rarified Air."

Saturday, March 9, Three o'clock.—Dr. E. Frankland, on "Inorganic Chemistry."

The next lecture for the Post-Office Library and Literary Association will be delivered on Wednesday, March 6, by Captain O'Brien, the general manager of the North Eastern Railway, on "The Whitworth and Armstrong Rifled Cannon."

MISCELLANEA.

DURING the present week, discussions on iron-cased vessels have been going on in the hall of the Society of Arts, Sir John Pakington, President of the Institution of Naval Architects, in the chair. Amongst the papers announced in the programme of proceedings are three by Mr. Scott Russell; and Admiral Sartorius, Captain Sherard Osborn, Captain Halsted, and others, were to take part in the discussion.

We can all remember the old familiar green serials of Mr. Dickens and the bright yellow of Mr. Thackeray. We have now to greet Mr. Trollope in the more sober garb of drab, and we should not be surprised to find that the new colour becomes as eagerly expected each month as the brighter hues of its predecessors. Of course, we cannot tell how "Orley Farm" will affect Mr. Trollope's reputation, as in the first number he only breaks ground a little, and does not even introduce us to the heroine. But the success which has attended "Framley Parsonage" shows that his writings are amongst the most popular of modern fictions. Perhaps, after all, the long run in drab will beat both green and yellow.

WITHOUT wishing to stir up a past discussion, we venture to call the attention of our readers to a somewhat amusing quarrel, or at least *quasi-quarrel*, which would seem to be raging between Mr. Mudie and a well-known publishing house. Messrs. Saunders and Otley have lately published a novel, by Miss Marguerite A. Power, entitled "Sweethearts and Wives," which has been already reviewed in our columns. We perceive in an advertisement that this fiction "has been suppressed at Mr. Mudie's library," and no doubt the same fact is alluded to in another advertisement, in which we are informed that the work aforesaid can be obtained "at all respectable libraries." We presume this is a counterblast to Mr. Mudie's advertisement, to the effect that he engages to furnish the works issued by all "the leading publishers," plainly alluding to the works which did not issue from the same press as the famous "Miriam May."

MR. JAMES GORDON, the Edinburgh publisher, announces for April (he does not name the first day of the month) a new quarterly magazine. Amongst the contributors, we observe Mr. James Hannay, Professor Blackie, Dr. Schmitz, Dr. Brown (author of "Horse Subsistence"), J. D. Morell, and the Rev. Frederic Farrar. The size of the new quarterly is to be demy octavo, the price half-a-crown. As it professes to have a specialty for educational subjects, we see no reason why it should not meet with success, if, at least, the matter is worthy of the well-known names which appear in the list of contributors.

COUNTY AND FAMILY HISTORY.—MR. CAMDEN HOTTEN, of Piccadilly, has just issued an extensive catalogue of topographical books and private family papers, which will be of interest to many persons. Amongst other curiosities, we notice Charles I.'s extraordinary "Declaration," authorising "Sports for the Men" and "Dancing for the Women" after church time on Sunday. This was the document that so annoyed the Puritans. It relates to Lancashire. A curious little Herfordshire book is that entitled "The Mowing Devil, or Strange News out of Hartfordshire, being a true relation of a farmer, who, bargaining with a poor mower about cutting down three half acres of oats, the mower asking too much, the farmer swears that 'the Devil should mow it rather than he,' and so it fell out that very night, the crop of oats showed as if it had been all of a flame, but next morning appeared so neatly mowed by the devil that no mortal man was able to do the like. 1678." There are nearly 3,000 of these literary curiosities.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S announcements for March include "The English Sportsman in the Western Prairies," by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley; a new novel by the author of "High Church," entitled "No Church;" and a new book of travels, "Ten Years' Wanderings among the Ethiopians," by Mr. Hutchinson, F.R.G.S., and consul for Fernando Po. If the last of these is at all like the volumes of travel which have lately issued from Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's house, it will be an important acquisition to our geographical literature.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

Place aux dames; and first for Madame la Marquise Blanche de Saffray, who, having the legends and histories of Gregory of Tours at her finger's end, and being endowed with a fine genius and rare skill in causing her native language to tread rhythmically—no easy feat—has turned these legends and histories into beautiful verse, under the title of "Origines de Paris," singing of the ancient Druids, the Celts the Bards, the Gauls, and down to the conquest of Paris by Clovis. The Marquise has decidedly a brilliant imagination, and has turned her historical knowledge to rich account.

Next let us commend to perusal "Les Contes Français" of Madame Claudia Bachi, which have all the charms of originality, added to a graceful and winning style.

And now of another woman who wrote in prose, who in her day held high position in the gay *salons* of Paris, and who admits us into much minute knowledge of French society in the eighteenth century—Madame du Deffand. It is not too late to direct attention to her "Correspondance Inédite," published in two volumes, with a biographical notice from the pen of the Marquis de Saint-Aulaire. It has been truly observed that the history of the eighteenth century has still to be written, and it is from such contributions to history as the pleasant, gossipy, unreserved letters of Madame du Deffand, that such a history must be written. She lived in an age when people thought audaciously, and her position gave her ample opportunity of knowing the state of public opinion as expressed by high authorities and learned men amidst all the frivolities of the *salons*. Some years ago were published her letters to Horace Walpole, D'Alembert, Montesquieu, the President Hénault, and other distinguished individuals. The present volumes contain, besides the hitherto unpublished letters of the friend of Horace Walpole, other interesting letters from the Abbé Barthélémy, and numerous charming letters from the Duchess de Choiseul. Madame du Deffand initiates us perfectly into the spirit of the *salons* and the court towards the close of the reign of Louis XV., and during the first years of the reign of Louis XVI. There is great simplicity in her style; she evidences great sagacity; but she has no warmth, no heart, no affection. It is clear that she suffered greatly under the terrible malady *ennui*. "Not recognising any bond, any obligation in life, her firm intelligence and her keen impressions did not prevent her from being the plaything of circumstances, and her whole mind merited for her the title of a *fly in honey*, conferred upon her by the Duchess du Maine." As she grew old, she experienced more than ever the scourges of *ennui*, and speaks of it with eloquent sadness:—"I see more company since the return from Compiègne; but it no longer diverts me. Existing society is a traffic in *ennui*. People give it, people receive it, and so passes life! I shall never desist in finding that it is a great evil to catch it, agreeing at the same time that it is as great to know how to get rid of it." In another letter she writes:—"Life wearies me, my Abbé; nothing awakes my soul, neither conversation nor reading." What a picture of desolation! But she is not altogether selfish, as may be gathered from these lines:—"I care for nothing, I take part in nothing. All my friends are dispersed; there scarcely remains for me the hope of seeing them

again. I know not how to love that which I have, when I have not that which I love." Madame passes free judgment upon the men of her time. She speaks rather cavalierly of Voltaire, does not think too highly of Rousseau, and of the good and modest Sedaine she writes:—"Sedaine is coming to pass the evening with me, and to read to me his *Paris Délivré*! That may just be the question of spending an hour or two." When Voltaire died, she wrote—"Voltaire has been interred in *terre* as holy as one could wish, in a convent of Bernardins, of which his nephew, the Abbé Mignot, is prior or abbot." The most interesting portion of the volumes is that which contains the letters of the Duchess de Choiseul. That which distinguishes her above all the fine and aristocratic figures which animate this correspondence, is a frankness of heart, affectionate without weakness, perfect dignity, and for her husband a passionate attachment, which was a sort of phenomenon in this brilliant and licentious society. Like Madame du Deffand, the Duchess de Choiseul appears a perfect stranger to every religious idea, so profound in this matter was the indifference which prevailed in every direction—one of the notable signs of the times!

A pretty book and a good book is the "Comédie Enfantine" of M. Louis Ratisbonne, and that is saying a great deal. It is a book for young people, and a book which may be read with profit by those who almost begin to forget when their locks were fair. Everything is admirably arranged in the comedy. You are in the best of worlds; every vice has its punishment, every virtue its reward, the ant lads, the grasshopper is industrious while it sings, "Les agneaux ont raison; les loups ont toujours tort!"

It is an excellent fireside comedy, wherein mamma kisses little cheeks, pats little heads, wipes away a tear, and counts the turns of the skipping rope; wherein papa buys toys, preaches wisdom and courage, and is always able to answer with a *because* the interminable *why*?

Our gossip, if occasionally of a light texture, does not exclude the entertainment of the gravest subjects, and it is thus that we would direct attention to a *brochure*, entitled "L'Instruction Populaire et le Suffrage Universel." From its pages may be learned much that will astonish respecting the state of education in France.

After having affirmed the immense influence which the writings of French authors exercise throughout the world, the author expresses regret that there are still so few who, by their social position and the degree of their education, are able to follow the movements of science, of literature, and of opinion. He then remarks that the numerous population which has only received but a few gleams of this needful instruction is that "which labours, and whose labours enrich France, which aliments the armies, in the bosom of which the highest class redips without cessation and renews its youth; which makes the great revolutions, and which at the present day is invested with the formidable right of choosing and imposing upon the country its chief, its government, its representatives in the legislative body and in the general councils, the defenders of its immediate interests in the communes." He proclaims that the ignorance in which millions of human creatures still languish "is the principal cause to which must be attributed the bad passions which agitate silently the inferior classes, the spirit of routine, and the slow progress in

everything." The author seeks to remedy this sad state of things. He is far from denying the service which what is termed primary instruction has rendered to France, due to the efforts of the various governments which have succeeded each other since 1830; however, every one will agree with him that the question is primary instruction, or superior instruction, "the school prepares the mind, but instruction can only develop itself in adults, when they have taken their rank in social life." He shows us the degree of general instruction which has been attained, to the present time, by the thirty-seven millions of inhabitants which France possesses. From the military statistics, got up in 1857, it appears that of the 310,289 young men on the census lists liable to be drawn for the army, there were—97,875 who could neither read nor write; 9,992 who could read only; 192,873 who could both read and write; 9,549 whose instruction could not be verified; total, 310,289. About a *third*, then, of these young men had received no elementary instruction. He continues: "The same year, 475,000 boys in 2,250,000, and 533,000 girls in 2,593,000, attended no school. But, unfortunately for a great number of inscribed pupils, school attendance is almost sterile. The sickness of parents or of children, the harvest, and a thousand other causes, occasion such frequent absences that the benefit of primary instruction is entirely lost. One half at least of the children inscribed belong only to the school on paper. If we add that the largest portion of fathers and mothers were born in a time when few schools existed, we shall not depart widely from the truth in asserting as a fact the number of men, women, and children who can read and write in France slightly surpasses only one half her population, and if now it is asked how many individuals there are in this half who turn to account the admirable instrument, reading, placed in their hands in their youth, who make use of it to extend their knowledge, and develop within them a taste for the true, the good, and the beautiful, we shall be obliged to reply that the instrument remains without employment, and rests, with nine-tenths at least of those who possess it, and that a tenth only, or two millions of Frenchmen at the utmost, make really any use of it." This is certainly a most startling admission, and stands in strange contrast to the assertions of French writers, who boast the superior intelligence of their nation over all the countries of Europe. Our space will not permit us to follow the author of this admirable pamphlet throughout. One thing, however, he declares, that to meet this ignorance good books alone will not suffice. "The government can only gain this end by calling journalism to its aid," and nothing must be done to hamper the dissemination of knowledge in books and in the circulation of newspapers. In the departments of France, there are only 4,427 booksellers, to supply the wants of the reading two millions. He solicits the French government to abate the tariff on books, so that they may be more within the reach of artisans in towns, and the duty on newspapers, so that they may circulate more widely in the provinces, and terminates his work in these words:—"Here are significant figures which we should like to see written in large characters in schools, in savings banks, and town halls—of every 1,000 found guilty in 1857, the year when the last criminal statistics were made up, 786 were thoroughly illiterate, or could only read and write imperfectly." This pamphlet may be had of Nutt, or F. Bartles and Lowell.

The first *conversation* of the present season of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, was held on Thursday evening last at the Society's rooms in Conduit Street.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S.

As long as our own countrymen, our Balfe's, our Macfarrens, and our Wallaces, have the power to attract audiences so numerous, and earn triumphs so legitimate and so unmistakable as those which we have witnessed during the last eighteen months, we need not grudge the temporary occupation of our great operatic houses to foreigners, even though they may be no more distinguished than M. Victor Massé, and even though the works presented are of no higher a class than "The Marriage of Georgette" or "Queen Topaze."

On Thursday night "The Amber Witch," the latest production of Mr. Vincent Wallace, was brought out at this house with the most complete success. In order that the work might not suffer in the slightest way from want of due preparation, Mr. E. T. Smith had the wisdom and the courage to close the doors of the establishment for the two previous evenings, that the whole and undivided energies of the *artistes* employed in its production might be devoted to it; and the consequence is that the first representation came off with a degree of care and completeness not always characteristic of the performances at this house. The plot of the opera, of which an analysis is given in the libretto, is founded on the celebrated novel of the same name, written some years since, by Meinhold, for the express purpose of showing up the utter futility of the methods employed by Strauss and others of the rationalistic school, in their assumed inquiry after truth. The curtain draws up and shows us *Mary* (Madame Lemmehs-Sherrington), the daughter of the pastor of a country village (Mr. Patey), relieving the starving peasantry with food, wine, &c. This she is enabled to do through the unexpected discovery of a vein of amber in a neighbouring mountain, by means of which her father and herself are suddenly enriched. Whilst she is thus charitably engaged, she is surprised by a visit from *Elsie* (Miss Huddart), who has been employed by the *Commandant* (Mr. Sandtey) to make proposals to her of a dishonourable character; these she rejects with scorn, and whilst descending to herself on their hidden source of wealth, her father returns, accompanied by *Count Rudiger* (Mr. Sims Reeves), who, in the humble attire of a peasant, has been the means of preserving the old man's life from robbers. The young people fall in love with each other; and the rank of the *Count* having been accidentally discovered through the arrival of the *King*, to whom *Mary* presents the address of welcome from her native village, he enjoins her to secrecy upon the subject of their mutual attachment. Whilst they are conversing together, they are overheard by *Elsie* and her fellow witches, who thereupon plot their destruction. *Mary* is arraigned on a charge of sorcery and unlawful dealings with spirits, and, unable to satisfy the judges and disprove the charges brought against her, she is condemned to perish at the stake. The *Commandant* still holds out offers of safety if she will consent to admit his suit, but the maiden remains firm of purpose, resolved to die, as she had lived, blameless. During this interval, *Count Rudiger*, himself the victim of paternal tyranny, has been imprisoned, and remains in his cell, in utter ignorance of all that has taken place around him, until he is aroused by the sudden entry of the soldiers of his troop under the guidance of *Klaus* (Mr. Terrot), a half-witted post-

man. The latter informs the *Count* of the death of his father, and the imminent peril to which his beloved *Mary* is exposed. The *Count Rudiger* at once sets off, arriving just in time to save *Mary* from the stake, and to give up the *Commandant* to his well-deserved fate. The punishment originally intended for *Mary* is now about to be inflicted on the malignant witch *Elsie*, when she is discovered to be already dead; and the opera closes with the expressions of gratitude and thankfulness for the unexpected delivery from so frightful a fate—the chorus repeating the words

"After night shineth morning;
After drought falleth rain;
After terror hath gladness;
With love come again."

The most striking pieces were the opening chorus—

"The conquer'd foe is flying
A new defeat to find;
But we are sadly dying,
For want he leaves behind!"

the pretty little chorus quoted above, which is introduced at the very commencement as well as at the termination; and the song of *Rudiger*, with chorus (p. 13),

"The King on his father's throne sits fast
By the aid of our bright broad swords,"

and concluding quintett (p. 17) all in the first act; the opening semi-chorus of girls in the third act (p. 26),

Mary, Mary, up! awake!
For the morn is clear and warm;

a ballad in the same act sung by *Mary* (p. 31),

"When the elves at dawn do pass,"

and *Rudiger's* scena in the fourth act (p. 39); but after two or three more hearings we shall be able to enter upon a discussion of its merits in greater detail. Mr. Wallace was called before the curtain at the conclusion of each act; a similar honour being paid to the principal *artistes* and Mr. E. T. Smith. Mr. Charles Hallé also was called for at the termination of the opera, and heartily applauded for his successful direction of the whole performance.

COVENT GARDEN.

Upon the general merits of a work so familiar to the musical world as "Le Domino Noir," little need be said; but the superb execution of every part of this opera by the orchestra, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's careful guidance, deserves to be specially noticed. In all probability this opera will surpass in popularity the far-famed "Crown Diamonds," by the same composer, and will continue to be an unfailing attraction for many a season to come. In the pathetic and elegant romance (p. 13),

"Fairy, perchance, viewless, though kindly,"

in the sprightly duett with *Horace* (p. 20),

"Meantwhile for dancing,

Lay by romancing,

And banish pensive thought away!"

and in the delicious Aragonese Rondo (p. 32),

"Inda, the gay

Than the May

Is more beautiful."

Miss Louisa Pyne's singing is the *ne plus ultra* of vocal art; and even allowing an inferiority to some of her French predecessors in this part, in the histrionic element, we feel quite sure that on the whole, her rendering of this character, requiring at once great vocal skill and good natural powers, may fairly be entitled to the supremacy. In the third act, while *Horace* is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the *Lady Abbess*, the blending of the tones of his voice with those of the organ produces a most beautiful effect; and the same may be said of the chant immediately following, accompanied by the organ and harp. The chorus of nuns, in which MM. Scribe and Auber have so happily hit off the chattering loquacity supposed to be the peculiar attribute of young

ladies of tender age, is admirably rendered, and, indeed, narrowly escapes an *encore*. The production of this charming opera has been in every way so complete and so successful that we trust it may in some measure compensate the managers for some of their less successful experiments, such as the revival of "The Night Dancers," and the Dramatic Readings from "Hiawatha."

DRURY LANE.

On Thursday night, Mr. Charles Kean took his benefit performance, adopting for that occasion the rôle of "Richard the Third." The crowded audiences which nightly flock to witness his performances, leads us to echo the inquiry so constantly proposed in dramatic circles—Is or is not Mr. Charles Kean a great tragic actor? Very opposite opinions seem to be held upon this point, and even our facetious friend, "Punch," condescends to enter the arena and urge a serious protest against the popular opinion which appears to rank Mr. Kean on a higher pedestal than that journal has for many years been inclined to place him. It is not very easy to answer the question, is he or is he not a great tragic actor, categorically, yes or no. Melodrama is undoubtedly his highest forte, and perhaps the "Corsican Brothers" his most successful impersonation; but that he possesses at his command powerful resources of pathos in characters in no way bordering on the melodramatic, is, we should say, indisputable. Narrow the question, and ask us, Is Mr. Kean a great Shakesperian actor? and we can conscientiously say no. But have we a single great Shakesperian actor? Is Mr. Phelps, was Mr. Macready, was Mr. Vandenhoff, a great Shakesperian actor? It is our firm opinion that the increased familiarity with the works of the immortal bard, which the present age has undoubtedly witnessed, the more full appreciation of the depths of his powers, and the high ideal conception which the educated student forms in his closet of what the acting of Shakesperian tragedy should be, have rendered it, if not impossible, at least excessively improbable, that we shall ever again see one whose conception of *Lear* or *Hamlet* will be accepted as worthy. We even doubt, irrespective of the fame they attained in their own day, whether the great classic actors of a bygone age—the Kean or Kemble of a previous generation—would now earn the golden opinions they gained at the hands of an audience not generally more appreciative than that of Mr. Charles Kean, and of critics infinitely less exigent and more genial. We are far from asserting that Mr. Kean is equal in his Shakesperian conceptions to those actors who have preceded him; but we are of opinion that he only fails when, if absolute success is not impossible, no man living at least can accomplish it. And we would claim for Mr. Kean, in spite of his opponents, the additional merit that the points in which he fails to convey the full idea of the character he endeavours to represent, are such as can only be appreciated by those whose study of the works of Shakesper has been great, and in the closet rather than before the footlights.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

We regret that our limited space will only enable us briefly to notice one of the finest concerts ever presented to a London audience, by this or any other society, on Wednesday last, when the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture, (Ruy Blas). Mendelssohn.
Scena, "Down throbbing heart," C. M. von Weber.
(Euryanthe, 2nd Act).
Concerto in D, Op. 61, Violin, Monna. Beethoven.
Henri Vieuxtemps.
Recit, "Mia speranza adorato" } Mozart.
Rondo, "Ah non sai qual pena sia" } J. Benedict.
Overture, (The Tempest). Auber.

PART II.

Symphony in D minor (No. 2), Op. 49 L. Spohr.
{ "Jori, sul tramonto del sole" } Rossini.
Duo, "Come frenare" }
(La Gazza Ladra).
Overture, (Le Philtre). Auber.

Our readers are already aware that the orchestra of the Society has been materially strengthened by the addition of ten or twelve stringed instruments, and we congratulate the members on their now

possessing as grand an *ensemble* of instrumentalists as can well be brought together. No wonder, then that this combination of talent, directed by such a conductor as Mr. Alfred Mellon, should have produced the effect it did. Mendelssohn's magnificent overture to "Ruy Blas," unanimously redemand, and Mr. Benedict's descriptive and fairy-like overture to the "Tempest," were executed in a style that it would be difficult to equal and impossible to surpass. The fine rendering of Spohr's symphony in D minor was quite on a par with the execution of the "Power of Sound," so admirably performed by the Society's band at one of last year's concerts; and M. Vieuxtemp's execution of Beethoven's violin concerto was a treat that will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present. The only equivocal item in the programme was the concluding overture, certainly not one of Auber's best; as, however, audiences will never remain till the conclusion of a concert, it seems to matter little what the last piece may be. It is nevertheless a grievous thing, after great care and consideration have been bestowed by body of gentlemen to provide so fine a feast, that the energies of such an orchestra should be devoted to playing an obligato to the rustle of silks and the tramping of feet, impatient to leave the hall.

The vocal music was entrusted to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss, *artistes* whose names are a sufficient guarantee for the efficient rendering of anything that may be assigned to them.

STRAND.

There has been no new piece produced at any of the London theatres this week, the only novelty consisting of the re-appearance of Miss M. Wilton at the Strand, with the revival of Planche's favourite comedy of "Court Favour," in which the pleasing rôle of *Lucy Morton* is assigned her. We are very glad to welcome back this favourite actress to the boards from which we regretted her absence, and the warmth and heartiness of the applause with which her re-appearance as well as her performance of the part assigned her was greeted, can scarcely have failed to have proved very grateful to her. The character of *Lucy Morton* affords Miss Wilton an opportunity for the display of powers of a very different order from those which she has accustomed us to expect from her, and, sorry as we should be to lose her spirited acting in burlesque or extravaganza, we must confess that the archness and vivacity she threw into the character of the court beauty surpassed her acting in any previous rôle in which we have seen her. The part of *Lucy* in the comedy is all-important to the success of the piece, and the manner in which she contrives to gather for her own lover the harvest which the light-hearted *Duke of Albemarle* supposes is to purchase him her favours, requires not only vivacity but delicacy to prevent it from degenerating into coarseness. Again, the coquetry with which she arms herself in order to secure her own desires, and at the same time baffle the art of the *Duke*, has not one shade of flippancy, an error which might easily have been fallen into, and which would have been fatal to the true conception of the part. Miss Wilton looks the character to admiration, and, apart from a little more decorum as regards costume, it would have been easy to have fancied that she had stepped warm and breathing from the canvas of Sir Peter Lely. The parts of the *Duke of Albemarle* and *David Brown* were well sustained by Mr. Parselle and Mr. W. H. Swanborough.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Overture, "Tamerlane"	Winter.
Song, "Believe me if all"	Moore's Melodies.
Song, "Tell me, my heart"	Sir H. R. Bishop.
Aria, "Madamina" (Don Giovanni)	Mozart.
Scena, "The Baron's Old Castle"	
(Undine)	Benedict.
Cantata, "Holyrood"	H. Leslie.

Winter's overture to "Tamerlane," with which last Saturday's concert commenced, may be taken as a very fair specimen of the composer's powers as an orchestral writer. The opera itself, written in Paris about the year 1802, to French words, is considered, in point of merit, his second finest

work, the first place being unanimously assigned to "Die Unterbrochene Opferfest" ("The Interrupted Sacrifice") written for the Viennese a few years previously. This was the first time of its performance at these concerts; but from its pleasing melodies and agreeable style, it well deserves to be repeated occasionally, and we shall hope to hear it again shortly. The rest of the programme was wholly vocal; but, the songs being accompanied by the orchestra instead of a pianoforte, as is generally the case, the absence of more instrumental pieces was not noticed. The very able orchestral accompaniments to Moore's melody, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," were written by Mr. Manns, the conductor of these concerts, and the violin obbligato very effectively played by Mr. Wedemeyer, who has succeeded to the post formerly held by M. Hedges, whose name we have of late missed from the roll of violinists in London. The execution of Mr. Leslie's last composition, "Holyrood," was in some respects better than on the occasion of its first performance in St. James's Hall some weeks since; and the work itself, though rather deficient in attractive melody, is carefully and skilfully written throughout. The vocalists were Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, the same to whom the original representation of the work was entrusted, with the single substitution of Miss Banks for Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. This afternoon the London Glee and Madrigal Union will sing some of their choice *moreaux*, and M. Lamoury, the clever violoncellist of M. Musard's orchestra, will perform a solo on his instrument.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The popularity which the Monday Concerts have obtained, so far from showing any abatement, seems to increase with each performance; and provided that the managers act fairly and honestly for the public, not showing any exclusive preference for one performer, unless, as in the case of M. Vieuxtemp, that performer be a star of the first magnitude, we see no reason why they should not become a permanent institution amongst us. Three pieces from the following programme, the first, third, and fourth, were produced last Monday for the time at these concerts:—

PART I.

Quartett in B flat	Mozart.
Canzonet, "Name the glad day"	Dussek.
Partita in B minor (piano solo)	Bach.

PART II.

Double quartett in D minor	Spohr.
Song, "The Charmer"	Mendelssohn.
Sonata in B flat, violin and piano	Dussek.

The principal feature in this concert was the double quartett, a work regarded with singular complacency and satisfaction by the composer himself. Dussek's sonata in B flat has been played at St. James's Hall no less than three times within the last three months, and on each occasion by a different combination of players, by MM. Sainton and Halle first of all; then by Herr Molique and Mr. Lindsay Sloper; and now once more by M. Vieuxtemp and Mr. Charles Hallé; but it has become so great a favourite with the audiences here, that it will doubtless be repeated again and again. The only vocalist was Miss Banks.

This day witnesses the termination of M. Musard's Promenade Concerts, a speculation which, we are sorry to hear, has not been so successful as anticipated. We believe that, the nights dedicated to the music of some one master have been those on which the largest audiences have mustered; and, from a due observance of this fact, M. Musard may take a lesson which will be of service to him should he again be tempted to revisit our shores, which we sincerely trust may be the case. The splendid execution of M. Lamoury on the violoncello, and the more showy performances on the cornet by M. Legende, demonstrate of what excellent materials his band is composed. In point of neatness and precision they leave nothing to be desired. The instrumental pieces have, during the last two weeks, been generally satisfactory, but the vocal part has been more open to objection. What must M. Musard think of our musical intelligence when he finds such trash as "Barney O'Hea" rapturously *encored*?

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.

The national pride of the Hungarians is so flattened by Berlioz having selected one of their patriotic airs, "The March of Rakoczy," for orchestral arrangement, that the youth of one of the towns, Raab, have subscribed to present the illustrious composer with a silver crown of highly-finished workmanship, with the arms of their native town engraved upon it, and the following inscription in Hungarian:—

"Berlioz Hectornak,
Glori Ujussak."

(To Hector Berlioz, the youth of Gior, or Raab). In the letter which accompanies the present they speak in the most enthusiastic terms of admiration and gratitude.

Here Ernst Pauer, well known to the musical world as one of our first *pianistes* and composers of the classical school, has been presented by the Emperor of Austria with the gold medal for science and art.

After Wagner's "Tannhauser" (the first representation of which was announced for yesterday evening), the next work will be a new opera by Gounod, "The Queen of Sheba." The libretto, borrowed from a romance of Gérard de Nerval, is by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier.

M. Beaumont does not seem to relax in activity at the Opéra Comique. Although Auber's "La Circassienne" has been only recently brought out, three more operas are announced as about to follow:—"Le Jardinier Galant," by MM. Leuven and Poise; an opera in one act by M. E. Jonas, composed of "Le Roi Coit," and another in two parts by Felicien David.

M. Duprez, with his son, daughter, and three of his most eminent pupils, Madiles, Brunetti, Godfreid, and M. Lefranc, assisted at Rossini's last musical *soirée*. Two of M. Duprez's comic compositions were performed:—"Trois Etoiles chez un Directeur," and the famous trio, "Les Trois Tenors," already mentioned in our columns ("Lit. Gaz," Dec. 22—p. 544.)

M. Henri Herz will perform several of his newest compositions at his approaching concert on Monday next in the Salon Pleyel; a grand Sonata di bravura, a Concerto, a Nocturne and Tarantelle, the Andante from his fifth concerto, and "La Clochette." Mme. Grisi, Signor Badiali, and the eminent violoncellist Servais, are announced to take part in the performance.

The tenor singer Dufrêne has quitted the Opera, Paris, to contract an engagement with the manager of the Grand Théâtre, Bordeaux.

The Teatr Nuovo, a theatre of the second class, at Naples, was burnt down a few nights since. The fire commenced, or, at all events, was first discovered, about two o'clock in the morning, and in twenty minutes the whole building was destroyed, nothing being left but the four walls. Since the late influx of Garibaldians, it had been very much patronised, the Garibaldi hymn being regularly called for every evening.

Madame Ristori has been performing before crowded houses and the Imperial court at St. Petersburg, charming alike both parties by her eloquent readings from "Marie Stuart" and "Les Adieux de Jeanne d'Arc," written expressly for her by M. Legouvé. A richly-ornamented album, containing contributions from some of the most distinguished Russian poets, Hkrassov, Maikov, Stcherbina, Polonski, and others, was presented to her; and a crown of laurels was placed upon her head by Majeroni amid the unanimous applause of the whole house, reminding one of the imaginary scene so eloquently depicted in "Corinne." The illustrious tragédienne is now on her way to Moscow.

At the Théâtre des Vaudevilles, a comedy in one act, "Je vous Aime," is announced by Charles Hugo, author of "La Chaise de la Paille," "La Bohème Dorée," and "La Famille Tragique."

In the course of a few years we may look for another Swedish nightingale, a second Jenny Lind, if the following story may be relied upon:—A lady of high rank, the Duchess of Ostgothland, travelling through one of the Swedish provinces, was so struck with the remarkable beauty of a voice which she happened by chance to hear, that she sent for the young peasant girl, and announced her determina-

tion to give her the means of cultivating her voice, and following a professional life. Some musical connoisseurs, whom the Duchess consulted in the matter, having given a very decided and very favourable opinion of the young girl's vocal powers, the latter has been placed under the care of a distinguished professor at Frankfort. Her name is Christine Nielson.

We recorded briefly in our columns of last week, the brilliant success that attended the first representation of Gounod's "Faust" at Darmstadt. On the morning following, the Grand Duke gave an audience to the eminent composer, and presented him with the gold medal of merit, an honour never accorded to a foreigner during the last twenty years. The same opera has since then been brought out at Brussels, and obtained a success no less decided. The composer, who had come to Brussels to superintend its production, was called for twice, at the end of the third act and at the conclusion of the opera, and welcomed with the unanimous applause of the whole house. The success which this opera meets with everywhere, may perhaps induce the managers of Covent Garden to reconsider their abandonment of it, after having given so much time to the rehearsals. It is but doing justice to a very able musician, M. Johngmann, and to a very spirited manager, Mr. Morton, to record the pleasure we have had more than once during the past year in listening to some of the songs and concerted pieces from "Faust," very fairly executed at the Canterbury Hall.

The annual prize for the composition of chamber music and quartets, instituted by M. Chartier, has been conferred by the Academy of Fine Arts, Paris, on M. Charles Dancla.

A one-act comedy in verse, "Un jeune homme qui ne fait rien," by Ernest Legouvé, is shortly to be brought out; Bressant will enact the principal character in it.

The débüt of a promising young danseuse, Madlle. Amalia, from Turin, is expected with some interest at Paris; she is to make her first appearance at the Odéon, in the "Fête de Neron;" in the same piece another débutante will also appear, Madlle. Agar, a pupil of the celebrated tragedian, Victor, the rival of Talma.

Mdle. Artôt, in the character of *Marie* in the "Figlia del Regimento," has earned fresh laurels at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, having been recalled no less than three times during the performance.

The principal operatic performances at Paris during the last week have been "Le Philtre," "Le Papillon," "Pierre de Médicis," "Lucia di Lammermoor," at the Grand Opera; "La Circassienne," "Fra Diavolo," and "Joconde," at the Opéra Comique; "Rigoletto," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Cenerentola," at the Théâtre Italien; and "Le Val d'Andorre," at the Théâtre Lyrique.

Madame George Sand is about to take up her residence for some time at Nice, for the benefit of her health, which has lately been rather delicate.

The committee appointed to consider the various plans for the erection of a new Opera House at Paris, have awarded the respective prizes as follow:—First prize, 6,000 francs, to M. Gignac; second, 4,000 francs, to MM. Crepinet and Botrel; third, 2,000 francs, to M. Garnaud; fourth, 1,500 francs, to M. Duc; fifth, 1,500 francs, to M. Garnier.

What we mentioned a week or two since as a rumour ("Literary Gazette," Feb. 9, p. 134), with reference to the engagement of Jenny Lind at Covent Garden during the forthcoming season, is stated as a certainty by the London correspondent of the "Indépendance Belge," but upon what authority we do not know.

A new opera, by a Slavonic composer, Dutsch, "The Croatians, or The Two Rivals," has been brought out with great success at Marschau, several of the most striking pieces being *encored*.

The long-expected "History of Music," by Herr A. B. Ambros, is soon to be brought out. The whole work will be comprised in three volumes, and published in separate parts, the first of which will appear in the course of a week.

Amongst new foreign musical works, we find two pianoforte concertos; one by Abrams, and the other by Liszt; a Cantata, "The Maid of Orleans," by

Max Seifriz; a Pater Noster for double choir, by Louis Kohler; and some Songs for female voices, with the singular accompaniment of two horns and a harp, by Abrams. Op. 17.

At Parma, a new opera, "Shakespeare," the work of a young composer, Tommaso Benvenuti, has been produced with signal success.

A new tenor, M. Ronzi, who is also a composer of some merit, is about to make his *début* in Paris. In Italy and in Spain he has already had considerable success, in the operas "Poliuto," "Norma," "Linda," and "Il Trovatore." An opera of his own composition was brought out in the year 1853.

The past week has witnessed the production, at the Théâtre du Gymnase, of a new drama, the composition of MM. Dumanoir and Lafargue, but of which the plot is said to be derived from a fiction written by Henri Conscience, the well-known Dutch novelist. It is entitled, "Le Gentilhomme Pauvre," and the plot is one which, though not uncommon on a French stage, would not have the slightest chance of success before an English audience. The whole interest turns upon the struggles of a poor Marquis, who, in order to contract a suitable—that is, wealthy—marriage for his daughter, is driven to the greatest straits to conceal his poverty from the eyes of the rich banker whose son is the husband intended. Failing in his endeavours to bring about these desired nuptials, he is reduced to still greater difficulties, and the crisis of the plot is attained when accidentally the father and daughter meet at a house to which both have gone for the purpose of giving instruction to its inmates, and by that means secure a small sum with which each has hoped to secure some additional comfort for the other. Their surprise at this mutual *rencontre*, and the shifts to which they resort in order to prevent discovery, are said to be effective, and in the conclusion the banker, moved by the heroism of both, relents, and the young couple are united. The same theatre is also performing a new comic *vaudeville*, in one act, entitled, "J'ai compromis ma Femme," of which the plot of a nature which affords everlasting amusement to a French audience, but which, in this country, seldom regales other ears than those of the frequenters of the court of Sir Cresswell Cresswell.

The unexpected decision which was arrived at by Justice Williams and Justice Willes, in the case of *Reade v. Conquest*, tried in the Court of Common Pleas, will, we doubt not, cause considerable sensation in the literary world. The plaintiff in this case is the celebrated author of "It is Never Too Late to Mend," and he sued the proprietor of the Grecian Theatre for damages in consequence of his performing, without Mr. Read's consent, a dramatised version of this well-known story. Upon what legal points the verdict for the defendant was founded, we are of course unable to state, but it is to be hoped that this flagrant case of hardship will be the means of drawing attention to the eminently unsatisfactory state of the law of copyright, and of procuring some amendment therein.

A case of some importance, and productive also of no small degree of amusement, was brought before Mr. Elliott, at the Lambeth Police Court, on Wednesday last. Mr. B. Webster, of the Adelphi Theatre, on behalf of the theatrical managers of London, appeared to prosecute Mr. Morton, the proprietor of a well-known musical establishment called the Canterbury Hall. The offence alleged against Mr. Morton was that of committing a breach of the "Act for Regulating Theatres," in allowing the performance of a pantomime entitled the "Enchanted Hash." Much evidence was brought to prove that the exhibition in question constituted a dramatic performance, and ultimately the case was deferred for further hearing. The descriptions of the tricks of the pantomime, elicited in the course of the evidence, caused much laughter in court.

We hear that the receipts at Drury Lane Theatre, on the occasion of Mr. Charles Kean's benefit, on Thursday last, amounted to £420—a sum which, at ordinary prices of admission, is, we believe, unprecedented.

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The Index for the latter half of the year 1860, with the title-page, will be ready for delivery with our next number.

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Although it may not be necessary to explain, generally, the arrangements in progress for conducting the ART-JOURNAL during the year 1861, we are free to announce the following as some of the subjects that will appear:—

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- “Rambles of an Archaeologist among Old Books and in Old Places.” By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. Illustrated.
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